

The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Passion and the Mass

By the Archbishop of Toronto

Bishop Boyle Sees It Through

By Aidan Bennett

CATEGORICA

The Woes of the Rich

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With the Passionists in China

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Our Sisters

From Convent Station to Hunan, China

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

You can readily imagine something of the happiness that filled the hearts of our Passionist Missionaries in China on learning that they are shortly to be assisted in their apostolic labors by a band of Sisters, for whose coming they have been hoping and praying.

So far, we understand, the Province of Hunan, of which our Missionaries have charge, is the only Province in China which has not been blessed by the saintly presence and effective work of consecrated women.

And now this long felt want is to be supplied. Five Sisters of Charity from their mother-house at Convent Station, N. J., will sail for Hunan from San Francisco on September 30.

I write the names of this heroic band in admiration and with deep reverence. They are: Sister M. Finan Griffin, Sister Patricia Rose Hurley, Sister Mary Electa McDermott, Sister Maria Loretta Halligan and Sister Devota Ross.

Mission-work in China necessarily involves exile from home and loved ones. Hence our sympathies are stirred by the sacrifices so generously made by our Missionary Priests. But our sympathies are all the more stirred when the Missionaries (and these Sisters are Missionaries) are delicate, refined, cultured women whose lives have hitherto been sheltered from the rough ways of life.

These Sisters are volunteers. They are going to China for life. They are going with the permission and blessing of their superiors. But they are going of their own free will. They are not dismayed at what the future in a strange land may hold for them in the way of privation and hardship and loneliness.

These Sisters are only five of more than two hundred who volunteered. Convent Station Community has made for itself an enviable reputation among the teaching institutes of the United States. It was the first of our Religious Orders to establish courses in higher learning for women. It has made steady progress along educational lines. But that its religious life has kept pace with its intellectual development is clearly borne witness to by the wholehearted spirit of sacrifice so evident in its members.

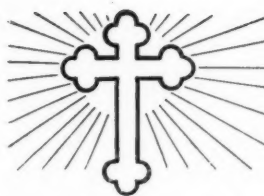
Kindly remember our Missionary Sisters in your prayers that God will bring them safe to their place in the foreign vineyard and bless abundantly their labors so generously undertaken for His sake.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

**You are
Invited!**

There will be two Solemn Departure Ceremonies for the Sisters. The first will be held in the Monastery Church, West Hoboken, N. J., at 3:30 Sunday afternoon, September 14. The other will be held at the same hour at Convent Station, N. J., on Sunday, September 21. A convenient train leaves the Lackawanna Depot, Hoboken, at 2:15. Price of return trip ticket is \$2.10.



The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vol. IV

SEPTEMBER, 1924

No. 2

Current Fact and Comment

Grooming an Empire

WITHIN a single generation Japan became a world power and an industrial competitor among the nations. She thereby demonstrated that even the lethargic Asiatic races will react to inoculation by the germ of commercialism. Hence China has become an interesting subject of speculation to the economists. Thus Dr. Henry T. Hodgkin in *The World To-morrow*: "What would happen in Europe or America if in another generation China were to become mainly an industrial nation flooding the world with her manufactures, ever eager for fresh markets, pressing forward to seize them even at the point of the sword?"

China has the potential material resources to make her such a competitor and the man-power that would enable her to compete ruthlessly.

It is due largely to the influence of thousands of missionaries that the nations can view the prospect with equanimity. The missionaries are primarily concerned with the saving of immortal souls and the uprooting of paganism. But there could be no more efficient preparation than this for the normal entry of China into the comity of powerful nations. In proof, let any modern nation consult its early chronicles and recall how Christianity had everything to do with its release from the thralldom of its own peculiar barbarism.

The Papacy As History

THE preposterous charges that the Pope has insidious designs upon the control of our Government should be the occasion of many taking up seriously the history of the Papacy. Thus would they learn why, in the Providence of God, there is a Pope at all. That history must impress one with the stabilizing influence of the Papacy on faith and through faith on all the bonds of society. It is remarkable how much was thus accomplished by Popes whose reigns were exceedingly short.

Such an incumbancy is thus recorded in the succinct manner of the Roman Breviary (June 28):

Leo II, Supreme Pontiff, a Sicilian, learned in Greek and Latin letters, versed in music; hence he improved the chant of the hymns and plain-song in the Church. He approved the acts of the sixth Council, held at Constantinople, the legates of the Apostolic See presiding. Present also were the Emperor Constantine, the Patriarchs of Constantinople and Antioch and one hundred and seventy bishops, (the acts of) which Council he translated into Latin. In that Council Cyrus, Sergius and Pyrrhus were condemned claiming that there was but one will and operation in Christ. He subdued the pride of the Ravenna bishops who, trusting to the power of the Exarch, were withholding obedience to the Apostolic See. Wherefore he decreed as void any election by the Ravenna clergy unless ratified by the authority of the Roman Pontiff. A true father of the poor, not only with pecuniary aid, but through institutions and by his own labor did he relieve the needs and destitution of widows and orphans. In one ceremony he ordained nine priests, three deacons and twenty-three bishops for various sees. More by his life than by word he urged all to holy living, and in tenth month of his pontificate slept in the Lord, being interred in the basilica of St. Peter.

Or take the important announcement that vol. XIII of Pastor's *History of the Popes* has just appeared in English. This volume covers only the brief reign of Julius III (1550-5) and treats of such significant historical events as the activities of the re-assembled Council of Trent, the spread of the Society of Jesus, the Legation to England of Cardinal Pole, the growth of Christianity in the New World, the East Indies and the mission of St. Francis Xavier and a study of Rome at the end of the Renaissance period.

Fowling for the Faith

WE are constantly reminded of the far-reaching effects of good example. Frequently among such effects are conversions to the true Faith. Many conversions have been traced to a chance conversation. Apostolic zeal will presume that there are candid souls susceptible of being led whither the truth beckons them. *The Southwark*

THE † SIGN

Record tells a story suggesting that our faith may often be made the fruitful subject of discussion without deliberate design:

At a shooting party somewhere in the Midlands, one of the guests took a great fancy to Father Fowler, and after a day or two resolved to lay bare to him his religious difficulties. He was a well read man, and had studied the history and teaching of the Church, but had never met a priest before. He started a discussion with Father Fowler in the middle of the shoot, and the talk eventually developed into an elaborate course of instruction. Thus, in the middle of some abstruse point, Father Fowler would break off and say, "Look out, old man, they're coming our way"; then when the birds had passed over and the dead ones had been retrieved, he would say, "Now then, where were we?" and the instruction would go on. It was continued on the walk back and during the rest of the visit. "The queerest course of instruction I ever gave," he used to say afterwards. "When the party came to an end, there wasn't a thing that man didn't know, and he was received soon after."

Re-establishing History

HIGHER criticism has an easy habit of transforming the facts of history into myth. It has a working principle whereby credibility vanishes according to the ratio of the remoteness of facts. It applies this rule to the events of both sacred and secular history.

In the course of time college students were assured that the thrilling records involving the civilization that had developed in the Levant were purely imaginative products of their favorite classical authors. Not only was the siege of Troy, for example, pure fiction, Troy itself never existed.

There is nothing so disturbing to these complacent and superior critics as the spade of the archaeologist. By its means concrete evidence is arrayed against the deductions of the lamplight. Declaring that a recently published report of the discoveries in Crete is more than a description of the archaeological discoveries in that island, that it is rather an account of the remaking of history, a *New York Sun* editorial continues:

When not more than half a century ago Schliemann (an American citizen) began his researches to prove that Troy was a real city and that Homer's story of its siege was not pure fiction, he was ridiculed. Universities had taught that Troy did not exist, that the stories of Cnossos and the labyrinth and the other wonders of Crete were as fabulous as those of the high state of civilization on the other Aegean islands. Schliemann proved by his researches, which began in 1870, the existence of Troy. Six years later he began the exploration in Crete which laid the foundations for proofs that the people of this island were in communication with the Egyptians and the races of Asia Minor, and the island itself was the site of one of the most advanced civilizations of the time.

Sir Arthur Evans began his explorations in Crete ten years after Schliemann's death. At Cnossos he adduced absolute proof of the existence of the great palace of the kings of Minos.... This work has

restored to their place in history great and artistic people who had lived only as myths.

In like manner had the critics complacently applied themselves to undermining faith in the Old Testament records before evidence confirming the truth of these records began to be produced, the result of the intensive researches of archaeologists over the wide area of the Bible lands.

On the southern shore of the Mediterranean these explorers of the past have delved with equal ardor and have exposed the splendid ruins of a great Roman province where in the third century a hundred bishops ruled the churches of Proconsular Africa, Numidia and Mauritania. Centuries of silence and desolation have intervened. Few may have been impressed by the testimony to the faith and Catholic allegiance of that age preserved only on carefully treasured parchments. But now at sight of these pavements and fragments of walls, outlining in the glow of the tropical sun the naves and aisles of ancient basilicas, the imagination readily re-peoples the scene. We recall the martyr bishop of Carthage, St. Cyprian, rallying his flock against heretic and persecutor. And we understand the allusion of St. Augustine in calmer times addressing the multitude at Hippo:

The Blood of Christ is our ransom. What is the measure of its value? What but the whole world—what but all nations? They are indeed unworthy of that ransom who claim that it could ransom us Africans alone.

"The Field Is the World"

Let no virtuous pretense deceive you, nor let any merely human reasoning lead you into thinking that what you allow to foreign missions takes from the good of your own diocese. For, in the place of one who is permitted to go abroad, God will raise up to you many useful priests at home.—Benedict XV.

IF we were asked to name the fallacy into which the greatest number of good people unconsciously fall we should say that it is implied in the frequent observation; "Why expend vast funds and energy upon the blissfully ignorant heathen while there is so much need of missionary effort at home?"

This method of arguing is based on worldly wisdom alone. It implies a lack of faith in Providence. It disregards the special mandate of Christ Himself, "Go, teach *all* nations." Good people are captivated by its plausibility while, at the same time, they glory in the records of missionary triumphs in past ages. They gratefully recognize that the security of their Faith rests upon the mark of its catholicity and universality. Yet, how could they be in possession of that security, how could the Church of God now wear the mark of catholicity

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if heroic souls in every age had not carried the light of the Gospel to new peoples and nations? If none had acted upon this divine impulse how could the Catholic Church be now distinguished from Protestantism which has never converted a single nation to Christ?

We should fear to be of a mind opposed to truly apostolic men who did not deem it expedient to tarry at home dispensing the Mysteries of Faith but whose charity embraced tribes and nations groping blindly in the hideous darkness of their errors. How should we have fared if our forefathers had never been disturbed in their pagan beliefs and rites, their bodies, as Father Faber fancies, stained in gorgeous dyes?

"If we want to keep the Faith, we must propagate it," says Cardinal O'Connell, and thus our bishops uniformly recognizing that the apostolic spirit must endure in the Church, and that its preservation is a surety of increased blessings on their own institutions, employ in their dioceses systematic and efficient means of gaining interest and support for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

We should feel abashed to suspect that our missionaries had been forestalled in remote regions by others with their peculiar message of Christianity or by the intrepid agents of industry competing for new sources of wealth or new markets for their products.

Those who manifest greater concern for religious projects at home than for the foreign missions should examine their solicitude in the light of our Lord's counsel, "This do, and leave not the other undone." It is quite evident that these good people are not duly supporting measures for propagating the Faith at home. According to the religious statistics of this country if each Catholic, directly or indirectly, by good example, by personal or material co-operation could account for but three conversions in his lifetime, there would be no further cause for solicitude on this score. The meager harvest of converts is due not to the Faith itself with its irresistible charm and reasonableness, but to the fact that many are more solicitous about the distribution of support to the missions than they are about lending support at all.

A Chinese Native Clergy

ACCORDING to the most recent statics the Catholic population of China is 2,208,800. While this is a slender proportion of the whole population, it represents an immense harvest of souls and is a gratifying result of missionary effort and sacrifice. It helps to explain the ardor and spirit of hopefulness distinguishing the labors in

that particular field. It is an answer to those who are inclined to count the cost in material outlay and personal sacrifice and to question the expediency of it all. These figures fully prove the adaptability of the Chinese genius to Catholicism, but that this people can react to the highest impulses of the Faith may be further deduced from the fact that more than two-fifths of the priests in China are natives. In China there are 57 bishops, 1,447 foreign priests and 1,071 native priests.

From "Venerable" to "Blessed"

IN the preparatory process for the beatification of Venerable Vincent Strambi, the holy Passionist bishop, the miracles submitted in proof of heavenly approbation of his merits have been examined and approved by the experts appointed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Wherefore it is officially announced by the Promotor of the Faith and the Cardinal Prefect that the holy prelate will be among those upon whom it is intended to confer the honors of Beatification during the month of May in the coming Holy Year.

Exaltation of the Cross

THE mystical signification of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross could not be more clearly explained than is done by the great Pope and Doctor, St. Leo the Great, in his usual engaging style. For the feast, September 14, the Church selects this passage from his homilies:

Christ lifted upon the Cross, dearly beloved, does not suggest to our mind the spectacle presented to the wicked whom Moses addressed: "And thy Life shall be suspended before thine eyes: day and night shalt thou fear: and thou shalt not put trust in thy Life." For they could see naught in their Crucified Lord but their own crime while they fostered that fear not by which true faith is justified, but by which a wicked conscience is tortured. But, illuminated by the Spirit of Truth, our understanding receives into a heart free and pure the Cross, resplendent with heavenly and earthly glory, and with interior vision comprehends what the Lord implied when, referring to his approaching Passion, He said: 'Now is the judgment of the world: now the prince of this world will be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, shall draw all things to Myself.'

O wonderful power of the Cross! O ineffable glory of the Passion embracing the tribunal of the Lord, the judgment of the world, and the Power of the Crucified! Forsooth O Lord, hast Thou drawn all things to Thyself, and when, all day long, Thou stretched forth Thy Hands to a people either not believing in Thee or contradicting Thee, all the world learns the need of confessing Thy Majesty.

Thou didst draw all things to Thyself, O Lord, when all creatures uttered their united judgment upon the crime of the Jews: the luminaries of heaven were obscured, day turned to night, the earth trembled ominously, and every creature denied itself to the use of the wicked. Thou didst draw all things to Thyself,

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O Lord, for, the veil of the temple being rent, the Holy of Holies was withdrawn from the unworthy priests, that the figure might be turned to truth, prophecy to revelation, and the law into the Gospel.

Thou didst draw all things to Thyself, O Lord, since what was concealed beneath shadowy signs in a single temple of the Jews, the devotion of all nations would exalt everywhere in a bounteous and magnificent sacrament.

For now indeed we have a more splendid order of levites, a higher rank of prelates, a more sacred consecration of the priesthood. And this because Thy Cross is the font of all blessings and the source of all graces. Through it the faithful derive strength from infirmity, honor from opprobrium, life from death. And now, the order of carnal sacrifices having ceased, the one oblation of Thy Body and Blood supplies for the various offerings, for Thou art the true Lamb of God Who takest away the sins of the world. Thus hast Thou revealed all mysteries and made one sacrifice suffice for all victims, but so that of all nations there should be but one reign—but one kingdom.

Foster Parents

ON August 5, Mrs. Mildred E. Seitz, wife of Don C. Seitz, died in St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland, Me. Her greatest interest was in finding foster-parents for baby orphans. In the last ten years she legally adopted over sixty children as a preliminary step to finding homes for them with responsible people. The two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Seitz, Lawrence and Norman, were adopted by them in memory of their own son, Donald.

In reading of the charitable activities of this admirable woman one cannot help wishing that there were more persons, especially more Catholics, interested in finding good homes for orphan children. As a rule, our people are generous in their contributions to the support of diocesan orphanages, but it must be remembered that orphanages are more or less of a necessary evil and, even at their best, must necessarily be inferior to a good home for the raising and training of children.

In this connection, we find a very quotable letter addressed to the Editor of *Collier's*:

..... I am a salesman; "covered" much of North America; married late, finally acquired a home and a fair income. We were always "going places" and never satisfied until we visited the state orphanage and took home a girl baby. Friends said, "That is splendid of you to give that little waif a good home." Soon they discovered that we had been benefited as much as the baby.

Now we hurry home instead of away, though she is well watched by Grandma. Seven others have followed our example. There must be thousand of families who want to adopt babies, but do not know how to get them or fear they may get one who may not turn out well. They do not realize that one's own are even a greater gamble as to health and mentality than a live, bright child they can pick out. The bogey "heredity" has been overworked. Doctors, who know most about children, adopt more than any other class of townspeople.

Why don't the authorities do a little propagandizing for homes for the orphans? One hotel man who

played with my baby on one of my trips had taken a boy when I made the rounds again. A big retail man played with her in his store; later, learning that she was adopted, he called up and wanted to know all about the place where they "gave away babies like that one." He had one in his home in two weeks.

If we were thirty instead of fifty there would be at least two more orphans that would find a home. I am bending every energy toward the day when I can retire from the road and play with my baby every evening instead of week ends only.

For the benefit of those who cannot take orphans into their own homes, we suggest that a really great act of mercy is to help support the many orphan and abandoned children in the Passionist Missions in China. We trust that the good example of the letter-writer will not be lost on all our Readers. For some of them it will be an easy matter to imitate Mr. and Mrs. Seitz in adopting, at least vicariously, an orphan in memory of their own deceased child.

Kenyon's Centenary

AT Gambier, Ohio, this summer, was celebrated the centenary of Kenyon College, the oldest denominational college west of the Alleghenies. On this reminiscent occasion it would be recalled that one of the early presidents of this Protestant Episcopal institution was the Rev. James Kent Stone, afterwards Father Fidelis, Passionist.

Kenyon's favorite college-song contains these stanzas:

The first of Kenyon's goodly race
Was the great man, Philander Chase;
He climbed the hill and said a prayer,
And founded Kenyon College there.

* * * * *

He built the college, built the dam,
He milked the cow, he smoked the ham;
He taught the classes, rang the bell,
And spanked the naughty freshmen well.

With characteristic American enterprise Kenyon quickly emerged from this stage of rugged simplicity and primitive fervor. Already in the sixties its prestige was such as to focus attention on the attitude of its President toward the Oxford movement and his publicly expressed misgivings concerning the theories of the Reformation. Readers of *THE SIGN* will recall a previously published letter written at this stage of Father Fidelis' progress Romeward: "Kent is as 'churchy' as ever, and takes pleasure in his stand. I tremble... for his audacity in being so decidedly different from all the influences here... Gambier is not in a pleasant state for visitors. We are in a curious embroglio, and I find everybody is involved more or less. How we personally shall come out of it, I don't know."

The Passion and the Mass

The Nature of the Mass and Our Participation in It

By THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO



ONE can readily imagine a layman saying: "I believe that our Lord Jesus Christ instituted the Mass as a memorial of His Passion and Death; but my experience is that the Stations of the Cross are more inspiring to me as a memorial than is the Mass."

For several generations the doctrine of the Mass was rarely preached, partly because theological theories, devised to meet the arguments of Protestants, had confused the minds of students. Hence the possibility of the imagined statement given above. Recently there has been a real awakening, and soon such statements will cease to be possible.

In the words of Newman, "Our Lord is the great High Priest Who is ever offering up His meritorious sacrifice, and the Mass is but the earthly presence of it."

WHEN a man volunteered as a soldier during the war and was killed in battle, he made a sacrifice for his country. The offering of his sacrifice, the oblation, was enlistment. The act of enlisting involved all that followed in suffering and death. It was not a sacrifice of worship, because the offering was not directly to God, and the soldier was not a priest; but it was a real sacrifice, including an offering and an immolation, essential parts of every sacrifice.

Our Lord's sacrifice of redemption consisted of these two elements, the offering and the immolation. His enlistment, so to say, in the war against sin was made at and by the Last Supper. The Last Supper was also the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, because He said to His Apostles: "Do this in commemoration of me." (Luke 22/19). But the primary purpose of the Supper was the offering up of the sacrifice of the Cross.

At the Supper He offered His Body to be broken

and His Blood to be shed in the Passion and on the Cross. "The Passion of the Lord is the sacrifice that we offer," said St. Cyprian in reference to the Mass. If that is what priests offer now, then that is what Christ offered at the Supper. There He offered Himself as the victim to be immolated. Now He offers Himself in the Mass as the victim once immolated on the Cross.

The offering of the Supper involved all that followed in suffering and death. There He formally took upon Himself the burden of our sins. There, as St. Thomas expresses it, "He

accepted voluntarily the Passion." There He expressed outwardly and ritually His will to die for the redemption of many. There, and there only, He acted the part of High Priest in the sacrifice of the Cross. There He consecrated Himself as victim under the forms of bread and wine. He went from the Supper room, not as priest, but as victim, to suffer and die. He is always priest and always victim. But He acted primarily as priest at the Supper and primarily as victim during the Passion.

The Passion is connected with the Supper as effect with cause, in the sense that the enlistment of the soldier is related to his death in battle as cause and effect. And as, in the case of the soldier, the offering (enlistment) and the death are parts of one sacrifice, so, in the case of our Lord, the Supper and what followed in the Passion are parts of one sacrifice.

The sacrifice of redemption began at the Supper and ended on the Cross. As Père Didon, O. P., says in reference to the Last Supper: "Jesus at that moment asserted Himself to be the victim of the world and gave His Blood to be the redemption of sin."

THE suffering of the Passion did not begin with the Agony in the Garden. It began with the Betrayal by Judas immediately after the Supper.

NOTA BENE!

IN this article the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto, presents us with a clear exposition of the nature of the Mass and shows us the sacrificial spirit which the proper assistance at Mass demands of us.

By introducing clever illustrations he has succeeded in bringing a deep theological discussion within the range of the lay-readers' understanding.

We sincerely hope that our Readers will read and re-read this article. For their benefit and others' we are publishing it in pamphlet form.—EDITORS.

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Until that moment men had no power over our Lord. They had sought to make Him a king, and He eluded them. They had sought to entrap Him in His teaching, and He confounded them. They threatened Him with the penalties of the law, and He said to them: "Go tell that fox [Herod]; Behold, I cast out devils and do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I am consummated." (Luke 13/32). In the temple they tried to arrest Him, "but no man laid hands on Him, because His hour was not yet come." (John 7/30).

After the Supper all this was reversed. Judas was free to betray Him, and He said to the priests and magistrates of the temple who came to seize Him in consequence of that betrayal: "When I was daily with you in the temple, you did not stretch forth your hands against me; but this is your hour and the power of darkness." (Luke 22/53). The offering up of Himself at the Supper, which placed Him in the state of victim, was the point of union between *His* hour and *their* hour. From the moment of the Supper men had power over Him. His redeeming sacrifice had begun.

A YOUNG priest once said to me: "The Church teaches that the sacrifice of the Mass is the same as the sacrifice of the Cross. I believe this because the Church teaches it. But the theology which I studied does not help me to see how the two sacrifices are really one."

We discussed the subject at some length, when the following illustration occurred to me:

Let us suppose that Abraham literally carried out the command to offer up his son Isaac in sacrifice. He did make the offering. St. James says of him: "Was not Abraham our father justified by works, offering up Isaac his son upon the altar?" (James 2/21). Isaac as victim was not immolated, because an angel interposed and substituted another victim.

But let us suppose that no angel appeared and that Isaac was immolated. Suppose, further, that the body of Isaac remained on the altar and was miraculously preserved from corruption. If then God commanded Abraham to come every morning to that altar and there repeat the original offering in ritual form over the body of Isaac, would this offering be a continuation of the original sacrifice? It would, undoubtedly, be the same offering of the same victim by the same priest.

Now, this is like unto what occurs in the Mass. The offering is the same as that made at the Last Supper, wherein Christ made the priestly offering of the sacrifice of the Cross. The consecration at the Last Supper was the offering our Lord, as priest, made of His Passion and Death. The same

consecration is the essence of the Mass. The priest is the same. The priests whom we see at our altars are necessary to make the sacrifice ours and visible; but it has ever been the teaching of the Catholic Church that Christ, as "priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech," is always the priest of the Mass.

The quality of victim is not a passing incident. Once a victim, always a victim. The "Lamb standing as it were slain" is to-day, as in the days of the Apocalypse, the victim offered up in the Mass. The Real Presence is of the essence of the Mass.

THOSE who assist piously at Mass are as really present at the sacrifice of the Cross as were the Blessed Virgin and St. John on Mount Calvary, for the Mass is the same sacrifice, not *repeated*, but *continued*, in virtue of the words: "Do this in commemoration of me." We can there unite in the same presence, the same adoration, the same public worship, the same confidence in the power and purpose of Christ on the Cross to pardon our sins.

The spirit of the Mass, like the spirit of the Passion, is charity. "Having loved His own who were in the world He loved them to the end." (John 13/1). At the offertory of the Mass, the priest, taking the paten with the host upon it, says this prayer:

"Receive, Holy Father, Almighty and Eternal God, this spotless host which I, Thine unworthy servant, offer unto Thee, my Living and True God, for my countless sins, transgressions and failings, and for all here present, as also for all faithful Christians, living and dead, that it may avail for me and for them unto salvation in everlasting life."

When the Son of God assumed our human nature and became man, He associated all humanity with His Person. St. Peter says to the baptized: "You are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people." (1 Peter 2/9). In virtue of this "royal priesthood" the faithful can offer up the Mass in union with the ordained priest.

This is what the priest tells them when he turns to them and says *Orate, fratres, etc.*, that is, "Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty." Again, at the memento for the living, the priest says: "Be mindful, O Lord, of Thy servants and of all here present whose faith and devotion are known to Thee. For them do we offer, *or they do themselves offer*, this sacrifice of praise for them and theirs."

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THE faithful assisting at Mass are, therefore, associated with the priest and, through him, with the priesthood of Christ in offering up this sacrifice.

Not only with Christ as priest, but also with Him as victim, are the faithful associated at Mass. In the chalice a few drops of water are poured into the wine to represent the people with the Blood of Christ in the sacrifice. In the Mass of Trinity Sunday and also in that of the Monday after Pentecost the priest prays God that, in virtue of the Victim offered in the Mass, "We also may be received as a gift."

Holy Mass, therefore, demands of us a willingness to give all to God by acts of self-denial and mortification and by accepting the sufferings and trials of life each day for love of Him, thus

uniting ourselves with Him as victims of love in sacrifice.

"If doing well you suffer patiently, that is thanks-worthy before God; for unto this are you called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps." (1. Peter 2/21). Do not assume that you have entered into the spirit of the Mass unless there is some self-sacrifice connected therewith. It may be the early hour of rising to go to Mass. It may be the unpleasant weather of rain or cold tempting us to stay at home. It may be a resolution made during Mass to deprive ourselves of something we like. There are hundreds of ways to practice self-denial and sacrifice of one's self in keeping with the eternal sacrifice of Jesus Christ as presented to us in the Holy Mass.

A Rampant Evil

Plain Words on a Very Important Subject

By WILFRID BRODIE, C. P.



SACRED Scripture demonstrates in no ambiguous terms how detestable in God's sight are those sins which are a violation of the sixth and ninth Commandments. In his ceaseless efforts to enslave the children of men throughout the entire history of humanity, Satan has been most successful in making believe that happiness is to be sought and found in the gratification of the senses, and he has frequently found in fallen man a ready listener to his impure suggestions. Ever since that fatal day in Eden when Adam forfeited his perfect mastery over the animal appetites of his lower nature, sensual pleasure has exercised a fearful fascination over the minds and hearts of mankind.

The sins against the sixth and ninth Commandments are those which caused God to deluge the entire earth of old, and made Him repent of having made man. St. Paul assures us that they who are guilty of sins of the flesh shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The Virtue of Purity, on the other hand, is the fairest ornament of the soul. By it man becomes like to the angels, and a more genuine imitator of Him who said: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

Even a cursory survey of modern life shows how prevalent is the plague of Impurity in the world to-day. It changes love into lust, makes a mockery of marriage, and treats faith in the supernatural as a time-worn superstition unworthy of modern "enlightened" conditions of life! Newspapers, periodicals and novels, theatres and other places of amusement are too often infested with this dreadful plague. With such poisoning thoughts allowed to enter the minds of the youth of to-day, is it any wonder that home-life is not what it should be? The asylums, the suicide-cases, and the ever increasing number of checkered careers and wrecked hopes—these are often synonymous with the roll-call of the Demon of Impurity.

What is this frightful pestilence which at present threatens the vitality of three continents, which is fast causing so many countries to be justly styled "a land of empty cradles," and which fills the mind of thoughtful men with fear regarding the future of civilisation? Sociologists can find polite names for this pestilence. Some of them form arguments for scientific methods of vice in order to rid the world of what they call the "surplus population." In the eyes of God, however, it means marriage debased and dishonored by that which is the very purpose for which the married

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state was instituted by God, the propagation of the human race. In plain words, it means that marriage becomes a legalised form of lust. And all this is supposed to be "above board," because one's "respectability" is maintained, all the while, in the eyes of the world!

As a natural result of this abomination, medical examination has proved that the manhood of to-day is physically deteriorating, caused by diseases the names of which, a quarter of a century ago, were hardly known, and, if known, were mentioned with bated breath. Statistics show that in nearly all civilised countries to-day the loathsome and deadly diseases bred by this foul monster, Impurity, are spreading rapidly. Young men, and women, too, on whose health and vitality, on whose fruitful marriages the future of their country depends, are smitten with a disease which taints their blood, drains them of their strength, enfeebles their minds, and well may the question be asked: "Whither are we drifting?"

Three years after the war, the number of deaths in France exceeded the births by several thousands. The havoc wrought in Sodom and Gomorrah of old is being quietly but steadily effected by the slavery of the Flesh among the nations of the world to-day.

EVEN well-bred pagans admit that, from a purely natural standpoint, chaste living is an imperative necessity for the individual and for the nation. But Catholics have higher and stronger reasons to urge them to fight manfully against this seduction of Satan. In his first Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul, having denounced all uncleanness as a crime which excludes from the Kingdom of Heaven, proceeds to show why Impurity is so abhorrent to God and so dishonoring to men: "Know ye not," he says, "that your bodies

are the temples of the Holy Ghost? If any man violate this temple, him shall God destroy" (I. Cor. 6/15-19).

On what grounds are St. Paul's words founded? Man, by his nature, stands midway between the animal world and the world of pure spirits. He resembles the animals in his body; he is like to the angels, even like to God Himself, in his soul. A Catholic stands in still closer relation to God, for he is not merely like to Him in as much as his soul was created to His image and likeness, but his body, which is the dwelling-place of the soul, becomes by sanctifying grace the temple of the Holy Ghost, sanctified by the Divine Presence of God in a special manner. On this account the Church has always shown a special reverence not only for the souls, but also for the bodies of her children. Hence the various anointings used in her Sacraments. Even after death, when the soul has left it, the Church lays the body to rest with holy rites and ceremonies, in consecrated ground.

From all this we see why Impurity is a violation of God's temple, and why unrepentant slaves of the Flesh cannot enjoy the possession of God for ever in His Kingdom into which nothing defiled can enter.

In these days when nice names are applied to ugly sins by those who arrogantly strive to improve the world while disregarding the law and claims of God, it were a fallacy to say that we Catholics, who possess the truth which "came through Jesus Christ," should keep silent on these matters which are of such vital importance both to individuals and to nations. The facts we have mentioned are not exposed in a pessimistic manner. Rather, we feel that by facing facts as they are and by preventing as far as possible the future spread of the evils of to-day each one can hope for brighter and healthier times.

My Stigmata

By MARGARET L. CUNNINGHAM

Not in my hands, as in Thy seraph saint's
Hast Thou imprinted deep the nail marks red,
That I may bear this favored gift of love
As sweet memorial of Thy Blood shed;
Not in this wise, as to a Francis, who
Spent long night watches whispering to Thee
"My God, My All," till he was raised from earth
In moments of delicious ecstasy;
But Oh, my God, another wound is mine,
Pierced swift by fiery penetrating dart
From out Thy Hands, inflicting joy and pain.
'Tis Love's Stigmata plunging through my heart.

When Scotland Was Catholic

Some Illustrations of the Scots' Devotion to the Sacred Passion

By DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.



CATECHISM published under the auspices of Archbishop Hamilton for the instruction of Scottish Catholics, about ten years before the disastrous overthrow of the Church in their country, thus speaks of the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ:

"He bore for our sins great pains and sufferings in His body upon the Cross, that we by the merits of His Passion, applied to us by faith and the Sacraments, might die from sin and live in blessedness. So that supposing all faithless men and women should neglect the Passion of our Saviour, yet all good men and women with great love and fervent devotion will think on it by continual contemplation and daily remembrance, believing firmly that (as St. Paul says) it is the power of God, whereby sin, the devil and hell are overcome, and we are all saved that are the true servants of God. (REF. 1 Cor. 1/18)." (1)

This official declaration of the necessity of a true appreciation of the sufferings of our Redeemer, made at the middle of the sixteenth century, expresses the traditional attitude of Scottish Catholics towards the Passion during the preceding centuries. It will be our task to endeavor to prove this.

But it must be premised that any attempt to investigate the religious customs and practices of Scots in Catholic days is met at the outset by the dearth of contemporary evidence in the shape of written records. The want is due to the frenzied fanaticism of the leaders of the self-styled "Reformation of Religion." Hating everything pertaining to the ancient Church, they not only tore down sacred buildings, defaced holy images and destroyed everything used in Catholic worship, but they also ruthlessly burned books and public records in any way relating to Catholicism.

IN this way perished an immense number of documents valuable in the elucidation of Scottish history. Father Thomas Innes, in the eighteenth century, one of the first to direct attention in post-Reformation times to the history of the ancient Church of the country, thus laments the fact:

"The registers of the churches and libraries were

cast into the fire; and these were so entirely destroyed that... I do not believe that of all our ancient bishops and priests, ordained within the country, there could have been found the register or act of consecration of any one of them—so careful were our first Reformers to sweep away all that could renew the memory of the religion in which they had been baptized.... Since the time of the Reformation all these original records have no less entirely and universally disappeared than if they had never been." (2)

The Protestant historian Spottiswood bears a like regretful testimony. In researches such as that in which we are here engaged we are, consequently, confined to the study of ecclesiastical and other antiquities to gain the needed information. With regard to the reverential love of the Scots of old for the Passion of Christ, such remains speak loudly.

AS the instrument of the world's Redemption the Cross has always been the object of special respect and worship. "God forbid that I should glory," cries out St. Paul, "save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is crucified to me and I to the world." (3) "And you, when you were dead in your sins... he hath quickened together with him; forgiving you all offenses; blotting out the hand-writing of the decree that was against us... And he hath taken the same out of the way, fastening it to the cross." (4)

To the Apostle the Cross was not only a precious remembrance of Christ's sufferings and death, but a symbol of His sacrifice and of the whole mystery of the Passion. It was, therefore, but natural that such veneration should continue to increase among faithful Christians, and their intense love for the sacred symbol in the primitive Church is shown in innumerable examples.

Love for the Cross of Christ burned no less brightly in Scottish hearts from the earliest Christian times. St. Columba, the Apostle of the Northern Picts, brought it with him from Ireland and taught it to his Scottish converts. St. Adamnan,

(1) "Archbishop's Hamilton's Catechism" (1551). "Fourth Artikel of the Crede."

(2) Blair-Bellesheim, "History of the Catholic Church of Scotland." Vol. I. p. 30.

(3) Galatians 6/14.

(4) Col. 2/14.

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in his *Life of St. Columba*, supplies most interesting details of the deep veneration in which the Passion was held at Iona. To each monk the Cross was *signum salutare*—the sign of salvation.

With the sacred sign not only food and drink were blessed, but the very tools used in monastic labor were set apart as though consecrated to God.

Before commencing his ordinary allotted work for the day, the monk took care to sanctify it by signing himself with the Cross. At Iona demons were put to flight, savage beasts were tamed, bodily infirmities were healed, and other such astonishing wonders were wrought, that the Cross seems to have assumed in that northern region as potent an influence over the souls and bodies of men, and even over nature itself, as in those Roman days when the Church was young. (5)

IT was their devotion to the Passion that inspired the monks of Iona to mark every important event in their history by the erection of a cross of stone—often carved and decorated with artistic skill. (6) In the course of centuries such memorial crosses became so numerous that the small island, less than four miles long by two broad, is said to have possessed no less than three hundred and sixty by the time of the Reformation.

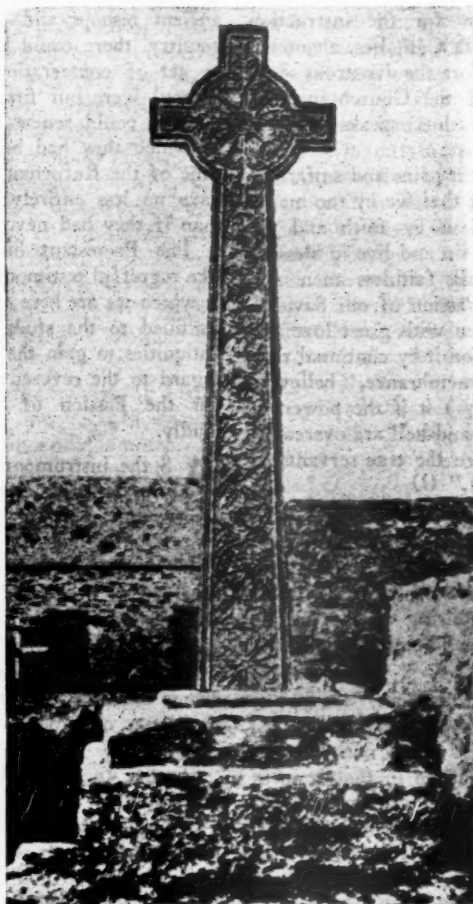
But the erection of such crosses was not confined to Iona. One of the amazing facts revealed to antiquarian researches is the extraordinary number of such Christian memorials the remains of which have come to light. In his interesting volumes, "*Scotland in Early Christian Times*," Mr. Joseph Anderson has gathered together all that has been ascertained with regard to the sculptured monuments of the country. He divides them into three groups. (7)

The most ancient are in the form of unshaped boulders of stone with crosses of Celtic design on one side and symbolic figures on the reverse.

The second group consists of stones of more elaborate workmanship. In these the cross generally covers the full length of the stone, and the carvings on the other side show a great variety of forms. In these carvings men and beasts are represented together with decorations of interlacing patterns similar to those met with in early Celtic manuscripts.

Such monuments—both of earlier and later style—were numerous in the east and north-east of Scotland, throughout a wide district from Fife-shire to Caithness. No remains of the same kind have been found in the west or in the Hebrides.

The third group comprises sculptured stones of a later date. These are in the form of detached crosses mounted upon a pedestal. The ornamentation of these is less purely Celtic. Some incline towards Romanesque. The fact that others bear the figure of the Crucified is a proof that they belong to a later period than the twelfth century. The majority of this class were discovered in the Western Highlands, but others existed in the south and east.



THE GREAT CROSS AT ORANSAY, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF PRIOR COLIN, WHO DIED IN 1510 A. D.

VERY few of these monuments bear any decipherable inscription. From those which have been deciphered it has been conjectured that, as a rule, such stones were not necessarily erected in memory of the dead. Some may have marked the site of a cemetery, for, from the earliest ages, it was customary to lay the faithful to rest under

(5) "*Vita S. Columbae*." II. 15.

(6) *Ibid.* I.35: II.24.

(7) Vol. II. p. 73 & sq.

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the shadow of the cross which was the central feature of every churchyard.

A CROSS at St. Vigean, Fifeshire, has been found to bear the name of St. Drostan, one of St. Columba's early disciples and the first abbot of Deer in Aberdeenshire. Two other names on the same monument refer to a certain Pictish king and a contemporary layman. Since it is not the mark of the resting-place of either, it seems reasonable to conclude that it was merely a pious memorial of those whose names are engraved on it. Another cross found in Galloway bears the name of St. Peter.

The most remarkable of all such Christian monuments in Scotland is the Cross of Ruthwell, a small village a few miles from Dumfries. This priceless relic of antiquity was carved out of sandstone. It stood 17½ feet high and measured 3 feet across the arms. The crucifix was depicted on the face, and on the reverse were beautifully worked representations of the Annunciation, Christ Healing the Sick, and other scenes from the Gospel narrative. The raised borders of the shaft bore an inscription in Anglo-Saxon which has been

deciphered as forming a portion of a hymn on the Passion of Christ written by Caedmon, the Anglo-Saxon monk and poet of the seventh century. The inscription runs as follows (It should be noted that the Cross is supposed to be the speaker):

I had power all his foes to fell, but yet I stood fast. *Then the young hero prepared himself that was the Almighty God. Strong and firm of mood, he mounted the lofty cross courageously in the sight of many, when he willed to redeem mankind. I trembled when the hero embraced me, yet dared I not bow down to earth, fall to the bosom of the ground, but I was compelled to stand fast, a cross was I reared. I raised the powerful King the Lord of the heavens, I dared not fall down. They pierced me with dark nails, on me are the wounds visible.*

The above comprised the complete inscription, but the portions printed in italics are all that now remain of the original lettering. It has been suggested that this was originally intended as a churchyard cross, and may have been. But nothing can be ascertained on that point. The Ruthwell Cross



IONA CATHEDRAL AND ROYAL CHURCHYARD

"Whither for more than a thousand years chieftains and kings of Scotland, Ireland, and even the far-off shores of Norway were conveyed for burial, partly on account of the reverence inspired by Columba's name, partly because it was believed that though, on the last day, every other island in the world might be engulfed, Iona would remain secure from all assaults of the invading sea. Among the forty kings of Scotland here entombed is the ill-fated Duncan, and close beside him rests the murderer, Macbeth, whose name has been immortalized by Shakespeare. One of the monuments in this ancient cemetery is a cross, cut from a single block of red granite, fourteen feet in height and covered with Runic inscriptions. It is the only perfect one remaining out of three hundred and sixty once erected here."—John L. Stoddard.

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is the admiration of Scottish antiquarians.

While speaking of standing crosses it must be recorded that not only churchyards but every town of any importance had its Town Cross, the symbol of law and order. Around it were held the customary fairs and markets, and from it were promulgated royal proclamations, decrees of Parliament, and other public announcements. Often, too, it was the scene of a public execution or the infliction of punishment upon offenders against the law. Thus the Cross in Scotland's Catholic days was the centre of municipal as well as of ecclesiastical life.

OWING to the wholesale destruction of records at the outset of the Reformation, the dedications of Scottish Churches, except in a comparatively few cases, cannot now be ascertained. Puritans had no use for saintly or sacred titles, and did not trouble to preserve them. We have evidence of some churches, however, which certainly bore the title of Holy Cross. The most important of these was the historic Abbey of Holyrood, which since the Reformation has been in use as a royal palace merely.

A quaint legend, not accepted in its entirety by modern historians, tells how King David I. on "Rood Day" (May 3,) went out to hunt, contrary to the wish of his confessor, and, becoming separated from his retinue, was attacked by a hart of unusual size and strength. Thrust from his horse and in danger of death from the fierce onslaught of the beast, the king suddenly found in his outstretched hands a cross of wondrous brightness, at sight of which the hart took to flight. David, in thanksgiving for his miraculous escape, founded a monastery for Austin Canons, whose church he dedicated in honor of the Holy Cross. The miraculous cross, says the legend, was enshrined therein. (8)

The story of the hunting scene on Holy Cross Day (which was evidently kept with solemnity in the twelfth century) may possibly rest upon a stratum of truth, and the abbey may have owed its origin to David's gratitude for deliverance from danger of death; but the cross honored there, and from which the church derived its title was not obtained miraculously. The "Black Rood of Scotland" which was treasured there was a precious relic bequeathed to her son by St. Margaret, the English Queen of Scotland, and one of the sainted patrons of the country. She had obtained from Waltham Abbey in Essex and carried with her to her adopted country a portion of the True Cross, taken from a relic preserved in that monastery; its richly decorated reliquary in the form

of a cross of ebony and gold gained for it the title by which it was popularly designated.

In one of Edward I's incursions into Scotland this venerated relic was carried off to England; but after his death Queen Philippa restored it to Holyrood in 1307. But, unfortunately, it was again lost a few years later. In 1346 David II. caused it to be borne before his invading army when, in the reign of Edward III., he entered English territory. In a battle fought at Nevill's Cross, near Durham, the Scots were defeated, their king taken prisoner, and the treasured "Black Rood" seized by the victors and deposited in Durham Minster near the shrine of St. Cuthbert. There it remained, greatly venerated, until the Reformation swept all holy things away. (9)

THE Black Rood had been David I's consolation in the hour of death. St. Aelred, who was present, has left a touching description of the pious monarch's devotion. After hearing Mass in the oratory to which he had been borne, David asked "that the venerable cross, called the black cross, might be brought to him to venerate. When the king had most devoutly adored this cross, so revered and loved by the whole Scottish nation, and had made his confession with many tears, he then strengthened himself for his death by the reception of the heavenly mysteries." (10)

It is to be noted that David's mother, St. Margaret, had imbued all her children with a deep love for the Catholic Faith, and every one of them became exceptionally holy. She herself showed a particular devotion to the Passion by reciting daily, with many other prayers, the Office of the Holy Cross.

(8) Walcot, "Ancient Church of Scotland," p. 36.

(9) Blair-Bellesheim, "History of the Catholic Church of Scotland." Vol. I. p. 295.

(10) Bridget, "History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain." Vol. II. p. 211.

(To be continued)

Sanctum Signum

By JOHN J. QUINN

EMBLAZONED 'gainst the southern sky
There is the Holy Sign.

Salvation's symbol limned on high.

Emblazoned 'gainst the southern sky,

A challenge to the pagan cry

That would our Faith malign.

Emblazoned 'gainst the southern sky

There is the Holy Sign.

The Woes of the Rich

"The little more—and how much it is!"—Browning.

By HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND



THE Elderly Gentleman's wife felt nervous as she and her husband entered the Grand Breakfast Salon, which is aptly described in the Official Guide to The Hotel Splendido as—"An overwhelming *appartement* in which the noblest features of Early Renaissance Art have been tastefully combined with the majestic simplicity of the Goth, the whole *tout-ensemble* being relieved by no fewer than fifty Panzini* panels depicting some of the more intriguing episodes in ancient Mythology." It was not the later which made her nervous, but the knowledge that her husband was attached to certain other things, not often found away from his home—such as kindly service, fresh food, old wine, comfortable beds, water that is hot but not boiling, a library, a lawn, and the scent of roses. She also knew that her husband was hungry.

Travelling home from Paris, they were breaking the journey for a couple of days in order that the Elderly Gentleman might consult his stock-brokers. Last night, on arriving at the Station Hotel, which was full, he had been advised to try the Splendido. This trifling hitch was entirely due to his lack of foresight in not wiring beforehand, but as he had explained to his wife, Christmas was approaching, anyone who had a home must naturally wish to return to it at this time, and there was no reason why he should not have expected to find all the hotels more or less empty. As his wife never argued there was no discussion, and by good fortune they had arrived just in time to book the last vacant room.

Although it was only December 15, the management had completed the arrangements for Christmas Eve. With commendable forethought a special license had been secured, so that the Olympic Ballroom, the Cabaret, the Jazz Grill, and the American Bar would remain open all night. And already the hotel, with the exception of the servants' quarters, was decorated from top to bottom with Mistletoe, supplied by Cecil Cosmo, Ltd. In these details the exquisite taste of the management was apparent to the *cognoscenti*. There was nothing in the decorations to offend the religious susceptibilities of any human being, of any race, or any creed. To one and all the advent of the

Merry Season was heralded by the festive Mistletoe, and its former association with one of the many religions of antiquity was not likely to be recalled, or, if remembered, to be resented. There was no holly; for the holly-tree has sharp edged leaves, and blood red berries around which strange legends still linger in Western Europe. But these thoughts were not in the mind of the Elderly Gentleman, who was merely seeking breakfast.

TWO footmen guided the guests to a centre table, at which were two chairs and behind each was a young waiter. The guests being seated, the footmen bowed low. One said "Thank you, Sir," and the other said "Thank you, Madame." After that they withdrew, and a bustling middle-aged waiter flicked an imaginary speck of dust off the tablecloth with his serviette, saying with great good humor, "Good morning, Sir. Good morning, Mi Lady. You have arrived. Is it not so? Yes?" The idiom was foreign but the accent was Cockney, for he was born and educated in the vicinity of Balham. By his side appeared a page, bearing a silver tray on which lay a bunch of Parma Violets. The waiter placed the violets on the table by the lady's left hand, bowed, and said—

"With Mr. Bokum Weierts's respectful compliments."

The Elderly Gentleman looked at his wife—"Who's Bokum Weierts?"

"I've no idea, my dear, but they're beautiful violets."

"If you will permit me to explain, Sir," said the waiter. "Mr. Bokum Weierts is the Manager."

"Very kind of him."

"Yes, Sir, and he'd be very grateful if he might have your opinion on a Corona, after breakfast,—one of a new consignment from South America, Sir."

"Well, I'm . . .," and the Elderly Gentleman made a gurgling noise. It was well that he had not breakfasted, because for a moment there hovered over him the Shadow of Death called Apoplexy. After a pause he muttered ungraciously "I don't smoke." That was a palpable, aye worse, an olfactory lie, for the aroma of tobacco was

*Bisco Panzini. Born 1870 in Vilna. The great pre-cubist painter. Died on March 17, 1895, in Paris, where he was guillotined for the murder of a woman whom he had robbed. *Ars longa, vita brevis.*

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about him. Then he added, rather sharply, "Waiter, let us have breakfast at once."

"As you command, Sir," said the waiter, and behind him stood his two assistants, each holding in his left hand a large open loose-leaf notebook, with card index attachments, and in his right a poised silver-mounted stylo pen. "As you see, Sir," continued the waiter, "your esteemed commands will be taken down in duplicate, one copy being for your retention, so that no possible error or dispute can arise in the order. Now shall we begin with a little fruit—apples, nuts, strawberries, grapefruit, oranges, raspberries, pineapple, pears, mangoes, peaches, green figs, apricots, medlars, plums, quinces, melons, greengages, nectarines, cherries, lemons, gooseberries, limes, blackberries, pomegranates, brambles, logan-berries, or a portion of stewed rhubarb? If I may say so, Sir, the hotel gardener tells me that the mangoes are very luscious this morning."

"No, no," said the Elderly Gentleman, shaking his head. He was puzzled over many things. How did the man remember all these fruits? And in December? No matter. The fellow was trying to be civil. He must give him a decent tip. But the manager must be a curious sort of bird. Great impudence about that cigar.

"No fruit," dictated the waiter.

"One moment, please."

"At your service, Sir."

"Is there not a Menu from which we could choose?"

"I'm sorry, Sir, but you see no card is large enough to contain our list of Viands. There is no food in the world, Sir, that cannot be ordered at the Splendido."

"Very remarkable. Could I have a cup of coffee?"

"With pleasure, Sir—Java, Mocca, Spanish, French, Italian, Turkish, or Egyptian?"

"French."

"Thank you, Sir. White or black?"

"White."

"Any saccharine, Sir?"

"No."

"And with or without sugar, Sir?"

"With."

"Thank you, Sir. Cane, Beet, or Demerara: granulated, castor, or cubes?"

"Lump sugar."

"Thank you, Sir. And you, Madam?"

"The same, please."

"Two Special French Coffee, white, cane cubes," dictated the waiter.

"And shall we say some toasted oats and honey,

roast barley and syrup, shredded wheat with buttered sauce, or grilled corn and clotted cream, or perhaps a little..."

"You haven't any porridge, I suppose?"

"We shall make it, Sir, in ten minutes."

"Oh, no, you won't," cried he with great decision.

"As you please, Sir. Now, what about a little fish—cod, haddock, hake, halibut, plaice, flounder, skate, turbot, red mullet, sole, whiting, scallops, grey mullet, prawns, herring, mackerel, sea trout, salmon, bloater, eels in aspic, crab, lobster, or a portion of fish pie?"

THE guest was about to ask whether there were any kippers, when the waiter whispered confidentially in his ear—"Mr. Bokum Weiart asked me to present his compliments, Sir, and to tell you that he commends the Red Mullet this morning. He says it's fresh from the nets."

The other nodded his head slowly, and then said very quietly—"Waiter, will you give my compliments to Mr. Bokum Weiart and tell him to betake himself and his Red Mullet to Hades."

"Thank you, Sir."

And what's more we have been sitting here for twenty minutes by that clock, and there's not a particle of food on the table, not even a roll and butter."

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but it is quite impossible to execute an order before it is given. As soon as you have favored me with your commands, Sir, there are six trained men in readiness to execute the order at once. One roll one butter for you, Sir. And for you, Madame?"

"Oh, exactly the same, please," said the lady.

"One roll, one butter, for Madame."

"Look here, waiter. Why not bring a dozen rolls and a pound of fresh butter, and leave it on the table like a Christian? Are you afraid that the food will be stolen?"

"My dear," interposed his wife, "please don't lose your temper."

"Temper indeed," said her husband, "what I want to know is what we're paying for."

The waiter smiled sweetly, too sweetly perhaps, and murmured—"I hope you pay for civility, Sir."

TO most of the guests at the Splendido this remark might have been made with impunity. It would have cowed the majority, including the well-dressed, over-educated, and underbred woman at the next table. But under no circumstances should it ever have been addressed to this particular Elderly Gentleman. Fortunately, owing to slight deafness, due to an old *otitis media* in the left ear,

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he failed to understand perfectly what the waiter had said, and merely answered—

"I dislike servility."

The waiter bowed. "Now, Sir, would you care for a portion of chicken, duckling, fowl, goose, pigeon, turkey, lark, veal, partridge, ptarmigan, buzzard, snipe, woodcock, widgeon, grouse, cold beef, lamb, mutton, ham, buck vension, or steak and kidney pie? The ptarmigan is very nice this morning, Sir."

"Stop. Stop, my man. I tell you I'm starving. I'm hungry. I want to eat, e-a-t, eat. This kind of lecture about food makes me simply desperate. Fetch me bacon and egg at once, and some bread. Also for the lady."

"Thank you, Sir. Will you have bacon and egg, or egg and bacon?"

"What-is-the-difference?" His voice was very calm and even.

"Pardon me, Sir, there is a great difference. With bacon and egg both are cooked the same. With egg and bacon the egg gets preferential treatment, that is to say, Sir, it may be poached or —"

BUT the Elderly Gentleman was on his feet. His face was purple, and in a moment of passion, the curves of age were obliterated. He stood up, a fine figure of a man, and every portion of glass in the room rang to the long harmonics in his shout—"The - egg - gets - WHAT!"

In anticipation of blows being received, the waiter and his two assistants retreated to the nearest table.

"There was no incivility, Sir." It was all the man could say. He realized that things were now out of control, and that within a few moments abler minds than his would take the situation in hand. He was responsible to his superiors, and his conscience was clear. There had been no incivility. None. Man and boy, he had lived under the iron rule—"Every act of incivility to be reported to the Management. Postage refunded." He had once even bowed to a miserable wretch who asked for the stamps in advance. Never had he forgotten the motto of the Splendido—"No incivility to a guest, whatever be the provocation." Many things had he suffered from rich men who pretended to be poor, and from poor men who pretended to be rich. Yet he had remained faithful to his creed—"The customer is always right." And he could recall with pride the night when Reuben Baumblymenhiemer, the drunken millionaire, had, with artful cunning, stuck a fork into the hand that fed him. "And what did you do," the Manager had asked at the staff enquiry. "I showed no incivility, Sir," was the reply. "Good boy," said the Manager,

"Rube will pay for this—oh, yes—a lot of money." And so indeed it was, because Reuben Baumblymenhiemer, despite his failings, was well related. Of all these things this waiter was wont to think in moments of peril.

"No incivility!" shouted the Elderly Gentleman.

"There was no incivility, Sir," doggedly repeated the waiter. He was obviously playing for time.

UNDER the complex conditions of modern life it is possible for any fanatic or criminal, by sudden action, unforeseen, to paralyse the wheels of Progress and so disturb the amenities of Society—but only for an instant. Just as the microscopic Paramœcium, the humble denizen of our wayside ponds, ejects an irritant particle from its protoplasm, so we, its descendants, consign the offender to a madhouse or a jail, as soon as the irritation of his presence is perceived by the brain of our social organism. Such are the great facts of Evolution. The Splendido was prepared to deal with every emergency that might arise, and no circumstance, however unpleasant, was ever permitted to disturb the comfort of guests. In other words, the hotel had its own police. That domestic detail would not have been divulged here but for the necessity of a true narrative, and it is only fair to add that a more unobtrusive body of men never existed. Their presence was not apparent to any guest, not even to those who had been in trouble before. Indeed, there was nothing to remind anyone of previous misfortune, because only the more sensitive of the less fortunate guests would be likely to reflect that the Splendido belonged to one of the two great classes of institutions in the modern world where men and women are known, not by name, but by numbers.

THE Splendido has good rights to be proud of its staff. As soon as the uproar began, the Head Waiter had signalled to the plain clothes detective, detailed there for duty, and already the room was full of waiters, two or three standing by each table to protect the guests. In a far corner one of the Hotel Nurses was rendering first-aid to an old lady who was crying piteously—"His voice has made me deaf"; and her lamentations increased in volume as the gentle nurse increased the illusion by deftly plugging the injured ears with cotton wool. But neither the sufferings of the aged, nor the bringing down of grey hair, will move the heart of an angry man. Once more the Elderly Gentleman shouted, and once again came the calm reply of the waiter that there had been no incivility.

At that moment the great swing doors of the Grand Breakfast Salon opened, and all eyes

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were turned on the distinguished alien, Bokum Weiart, Manajero Absoluto of the Splendido. His great physique, easy grace of movement, full lips, crisp curly hair and somewhat dark complexion, were inherited from a West Indian father, but the soft startled eyes and fine aquiline nose were the legacy of a Levantine mother.

He, entering, said quietly to the Head Waiter—"Vell, vot vos it about all for, Yas—No?"

Amidst those hundreds of people the Elderly Gentleman was alone insensible to the fact that he was now surrounded by the forces of civilization. "No incivility!" he yelled with the physical strength of mental weakness. "No incivility!" and his fist struck the table a blow so great that its reverberations smashed a finger bowl into atoms. "No incivility! I call it an outrage—an outrage

on Humanity." With that he strode out of the room, followed by his wife—whom all pitied. The waiters stood well aside to let him pass, and Bokum Weiart himself showed his contempt by turning his back and leaving the room rapidly. Without let or hindrance, bag or baggage, hat or coat, the Elderly Gentleman and his wife passed into the street. On the curb stood a miserable street-vendor, offering matches. "Spare us a tanner, Guv'nor," he whispered hoarsely. "Had no breakfast to-day, s'elp me."

"Neither have I, s'elp me," cried the Elderly Gentleman, his sense of humor suddenly awakened. "Here y'are, friend. My dear"—to his relieved wife—"since the coffee-stalls are closed, let's get our hats and find a Lyons' restaurant. Something from the counter, I think."

Destroying the Spirit of Reverence

THE child or adolescent that is daily fed on the lowness of Barney Google's "sweet woman," of Moon's "Little Egypt," and of Jiggs' Maggie will, to put it mildly, have its imagination cluttered with vulgar impressions of mother-types, which it may find it difficult to rid itself of.

The other day the writer asked a young Catholic lad: "How is your mother?" "Oh, she's alright, the boy replied; "she had the Heebie-Jeebies the early part of the week, but she's O.K. now." For the benefit of the unsophisticated it may be well to add that "the Heebie-Jeebies" is the name of some imaginary disease which afflicts that race-horse of the comic strip, Barney Google's Spark Plug. The lad in question, who is a good boy and dearly loves his mother, saw no impropriety in attributing the horse's disease to her until he was reprimanded, thus illustrating the power of suggestion of the picture strips and the crowding of his mind with terms of comparison far from the ideal.

Can we expect a generation to which, from infancy, women are being introduced in the manner described, to harbor a true respect for them? Hardly. Reverence must be fostered, as all other

virtues are to be fostered. St. John Chrysostom declares that St. Paul plants a splendid foundation for a moral conduct of life through the emphasis he lays on the respect and reverence for parents, in fact, he is of the opinion that this reverence for parents is of a fundamental nature, because whosoever lacks it will never be able to behave properly towards others. Reverence is essentially a social virtue; without it neither the family, nor society, nor the state can exist. A people who have lost reverence for the mother and womanhood must degenerate. That very thing occurred in ancient Rome; Tacitus, the historian, when he held up to his compatriots the barbarian Germans as a strong and virtuous people, laid special emphasis on the fact of their holding women in such great reverence. "They see in them something holy," he says. Christianity, coming to these barbarians, presented to them not only the Christ but also His Virgin Mother. Since they respected women and had reverence for mothers, it is not to be wondered at that the message of Christianity was accepted by them, and that the scepter of Rome passed from it to the Teutonic nations.—A. F. B. in CENTRAL BLATT AND SOCIAL JUSTICE.

Weak Backs

A Disease Common to Many Catholics

By HAMILTON CRAIGIE

IF one were to tell a professing Catholic that he was a spineless invertebrate in matters of religion, he would naturally be indignant; in fact, one may safely advance the opinion that he would find it a rather difficult thing to turn the other cheek.

And since these are the observations of a layman with neither the official authority nor the desire to preach a sermon, they must be taken as such, "with malice toward none, and with charity toward all."

Statistics are not available as to the actual number of professing Catholics who manifest this undevotional symptom, or who may be said to suffer from this spinal weakness, but one finds them at Mass any Sunday morning, on their knees, indeed, but—and it must be chronicled with regret—mostly sitting down.

The Mass usually is a matter of a half hour or less. As a mark of respect during this transient interval of a half hour, say, once a week, one might suppose that the professing Catholic would kneel at least as he was intended to kneel, in a devotional attitude, upon his knee—not upon his spine.

For, to the writer, not observing the mote in his neighbor's eye to the exclusion of the beam in his own, there is something not merely irreverent in this very common practice, but a something connoting a corresponding mental attitude of downright inattention, laxity, a mere toleration of his obligation to hear Mass.

FREQUENTLY enough—and the writer recalls it with shame—as a student at several of our representative Catholic colleges, it was the practically universal custom at daily Mass so to recline, at ease, throughout the Sacrifice; even, and this may as well apply to present-day conditions, to snatch, vulgarly speaking, forty winks at one time or another, inaudibly or otherwise!

This appears to be reprehensible enough in Catholic youth, but one cannot find an excuse for it in adults pledged to the observance of their religious duties, with, as one might imagine, some measure of awesome understanding of the Mass and all that it implies.

Respect and reverence and veneration can scarcely be associated with the common practice of kneeling-sitting down. To bend the knee is the first and the most significant symbol of man's recognition of his Creator. To slouch down in one's seat, bury one's head in one's arms, perhaps to remain oblivious, physically and spiritually, to the ineffable Sacrifice proceeding there "on the high altar, gleaming chastely-white"—ah, what a sight is that, my brothers!

Appreciation of the Mass would make one regard assisting at it a privilege and not a perfunctory fulfilling of an obligation. Perhaps the idea of obligation comes before that of privilege in our thought of the Mass.

THE genuflector who performs his act of devotion as if he were doing a new jig-step, or borrowing a variation of the latest jazz is not so culpable, by far, as the weak-backed individual who hears Mass, if he is not asleep during the ceremony, with a minimum of devotion and a maximum of undignified ease. Surely, were such an one to bend the knee before any earthly sovereign he would not perform his devoirs in anything approximating the manner of his attitude at Holy Mass.

And yet, Sunday after Sunday one sees this same weak-backed, spineless, and indifferent posture time and again, so that a congregation thus almost universally engaged will appear from the rear mostly as a collection of turtles, and everybody knows that a turtle has very little regard for the amenities, to say nothing of a devotion to the Mass.

We are so constituted, body and soul, that a reverent external posture is a positive aid to interior devotion and the reverent control of our thoughts and affections.

Lastly, the weak-backs may be good men and women, good Christians, good Catholics, just a little careless, possibly just a little lazy, but while they persevere in this, as one might say, Mohammedan posture, they no not edify—rather the reverse.

Let us, therefore, kneel straightforwardly, in an attitude and in a posture pleasing both to God and to man; let us, eschewing the temptation to take our ease, hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may. Let us be *upright!*

Bishop Boyle Sees It Through

The Pittsburgh School Campaign and Vocation Crusade

By AIDAN BENNETT



FORTUNATE, indeed, is the diocese of Pittsburgh in having as its head a young man of vision and vigor. Some men are able to conceive great projects but they lack the power to translate them into action. The world is full of dreamers such as these. Other some are full of life and action, but they lack the vision that would make their action fruitful. Bishop Boyle sees and does. Herein lies his success.

Last October the priests of the diocese gathered for the semi-annual conference. At the end of the conference the Bishop addressed the priests and made a proposition that proved his vision and whose successful issue would test his vigor. The Bishop realized fully that the school system of the diocese is in reality the measure of Catholic strength. If that system is properly organized and if it functions according to intelligent direction then the diocese is prepared to do its work with economy and success. Men who have studied the system of Catholic education in this country are most ready to give great praise to the labor of our priests and to the sacrifice of our sisterhoods and people. But at the same time they cannot overlook the fact that the system depends for its success entirely upon the individual initiative of the priest and the parochial cooperation of the people.

BISHOP BOYLE spent many years as superintendent of the Pittsburgh schools. He knows the diocese well. He has examined its schools frequently, and it was not surprising that his first great undertaking as a bishop should be directed toward the betterment of the Catholic school system in his diocese. The predominant idea of the Bishop's proposition is that the school system of the diocese should be better founded than it had been up to present time. Schools were possible only where parishes were able to raise sufficient money to establish and maintain them. Such a condition of affairs means that the rural districts and the country towns could not expect to enjoy the benefits of Catholic education unless they were helped by assistance from some outside agency. The Bishop proposed to better this condition by urging a closer cooperation on the part of the people of such districts and by the promise of diocesan support where it was needed.

It is indeed true that the larger city parishes are able to maintain and support primary and secondary schools, and the people of the cities are inclined to be lulled by the vision of immense buildings dedicated to school purposes all around them. They forget the great number of children scattered about in the rural districts who will never have an opportunity of entering a school under Catholic direction. Now, Bishop Boyle's plan was intended to meet this condition. He was firmly convinced that if the people of the diocese of Pittsburgh could be brought to reflect upon the subject and see it in its proper light a great change in the status of our schools would be accomplished.

THE Bishop's plan embraced three points: First, he was concerned about the children in the rural parts of the diocese. He believed that one-room schools should be erected in the various country districts in which the children might be gathered at stated times for religious instruction. Secondly, in every diocese there are many small towns contiguous to each other but whose individual Catholic population is unable to erect and maintain a separate Catholic school. To meet this condition the Bishop felt that a school might be erected in one of these towns to serve the children of the surrounding districts. Lastly, the problem of high school education has been a matter of recent concern to all those who have the character training of our young people at heart.

Up to the present time but little has been done to provide for the crying need of secondary Catholic education. When once our children have completed the eighth grade, in most cases their education has been continued in circumstances that were not favorable to their faith. Now, if each parish were called upon to erect and maintain a high school, the drain on the parish resources would be unendurable. The Bishop, therefore, decided that the parochial high school is not the way in which to meet this difficulty. His plan provided for regional high schools placed in different parts of the city to which the children may have access without a great outlay of carfare.

This was Bishop Boyle's plan and it met with great enthusiasm on the part of the priests who were gathered together at that conference.

Let us see now how the Bishop proceeded to put his plan into action. He proposed that the priests

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elect ten of their number to serve as an executive committee, and at the same time represent the rural and the city districts of the diocese. This executive committee in collaboration with the Bishop were to devise the means whereby the plan could be carried into effect. As a beginning, the executive committee determined that three million dollars was the smallest amount that would be required. To this end every parish in the diocese was taxed and charged with raising an apportioned sum, which was the equivalent of an entire year's income. To defray this charge each parish was allowed five years to raise its quota. This gave the needed amount of three millions of dollars on paper, so that the plan could not fail because each parish was obligated to raise a certain sum within a given time.

In any movement of this kind the greatest difficulty is experienced in reaching the people with a definite message. The Bishop, therefore, issued a call, and in the early part of this year the newly elected committee-men of every parish in the diocese met with the Bishop and heard of the plan in detail. The laymen received the Bishop with as much enthusiasm as the clergy had received him at their conference. In fact so great was the

enthusiasm that one of the laymen rose up in the midst of the proceedings and announced that the only fault that he could find with the Bishop's plan was that it had not been proposed a hundred years ago. These laymen went back to their parishes and disseminated the information that they had received amongst their fellow-parishioners and in this way the Bishop's plan was first carried to every part of the diocese.

THE executive committee saw fit to appoint sub-committees to assist in the work of detail. The committee in charge of literature was engaged to write in the Catholic newspapers and in pamphlets and in magazines showing the advantages that

would accrue to the diocese by reason of the Bishop's plan. The diocese of Pittsburgh is made up of people who speak many different languages and hence it was necessary that the appeals of the literature committee should be made in various tongues. There was also a speakers committee whose duty it was to address rallies in the various parishes, to explain the campaign and to answer questions and to solve difficulties that might be proposed.

The children of the diocese were reached by means of a school committee whose duty it was to

visit the schools and to explain the plan, emphasizing particularly the great need of schools for the little ones in the country districts. The work of this committee was especially fruitful. The children were asked to wear a button during the campaign on which was inscribed the motto of the campaign: "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school." They were asked to pray and to receive Holy Communion during the days of the campaign so that God would bless the Bishop's work in behalf of education. In addition to this they were requested to write a letter to their parents giving reasons why the people of the diocese should support the Bishop in this undertaking. The im-



RIGHT REVEREND HUGH C. BOYLE, D. D.,
Bishop of Pittsburgh

portance of this committee is to be gauged by the fact that Bishop Boyle himself when the campaign was finished announced publicly that he believed the success was due to the prayers and to the interest of the school children of the diocese. The writer himself knows of cases where children practically promised their entire Christmas and holiday money for five years to the Bishop's Educational Fund.

IN more immediate preparation for the actual campaign the executive committee thought it well that the priests of the diocese should exchange their pulpits on three Sundays preceding the solicitation of funds. A schedule was drawn up, three sermons were outlined according to which the

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priests were to preach to the people, thereby insuring that the same message would be carried to the entire diocese at the same time. This work marked the preparation for the actual campaign. Literature was distributed at the church doors for five Sundays preceding the campaign. Rally meetings were held, the three sermons were preached, the canvassers were organized and were instructed to approach every wage earner in the diocese in the interest of the cause. Not more than twenty wage-earners had been assigned to any individual solicitor.

The campaign lasted for nine days, and at the end of that time the amount raised was almost double the original three million dollars that were sought. The outstanding feature of Bishop Boyle's campaign was not the amount raised but the willingness with which the people received the appeal. On all sides solicitors testified that their work was a pleasure. Throughout the diocese there is hardly a parish that has not needs of its own, but the people gladly responded to the Bishop's appeal and thereby indicated their satisfaction.

PAROCHIALISM received its death blow in Bishop Boyle's campaign. The good of the diocese at large was placed before the minds of the people and they were made to feel a responsibility that they might not have felt before. The diocese has gained much in a spiritual way by the campaign of the early spring. The people of the city have developed a greater interest in their country brethren, and the people of the country districts have begun to look forward to the time when their children shall share with the city children in the benefits of Catholic education. A unity of purpose and action was achieved by the campaign which would have required years of labor to effect.

And now there is an aftermath. In Pittsburgh as in every other diocese of the country there is a dearth of teaching sisterhoods. The campaign was ended, enough money had been raised to assure the beginning of building operations, but the Bishop was confronted by a condition that needed attention at once. On all sides the question was asked: "Where are we to get the teachers for all these schools?"

The Bishop himself had a plan whereby he expected to create an interest in the religious life and to assist him in the solution of this problem. Vocations to the religious life and to the priesthood certainly, in the designs of God, must keep up with the increase of Catholic people and Catholic work. This is a commonplace of Catholic teaching. But as a matter of fact it seems that such vocations do not increase with our needs. The Bishop, there-

fore, determined to take the matter to the children of our grade and high schools. Priests were selected to visit the schools and to explain to the children in simple fashion the significance of the religious life and of the priesthood. Boys and girls who were interested were asked to give their names and addresses, which were forwarded to the Bishop. In doing this the children merely indicated a desire to know more about the religious life or the priesthood. When this canvass was finished it was found that about eight thousand children had enrolled their names as possible prospects for the religious life or the priesthood.

The Bishop is in possession of their names and from time to time he will communicate with these children in a fatherly manner, showing his interest in them and thereby doing all that he can to preserve vocations where they may be found to exist. It is too soon yet to say what the results of this vocation crusade will be, but boys and girls who in the ordinary course of their lives would not have thought of the religious state or of the priesthood will from time to time give prayerful thought to the Bishop's appeal to them. The matter of vocations was brought home to the parents of the diocese by the priests at Pentecost time. Sermons, novenas and retreats were conducted also so that the whole diocese was aroused by a great spiritual thought as the aftermath of the educational campaign.

THE educational campaign and the vocation crusade which followed it were the greatest spiritual experience that the people of the Pittsburgh diocese ever went through. For months their thoughts were directed to spiritual considerations and particularly to the scope of that fundamental truth of Catholic teaching that Christ sent His Apostles to teach the world all things whatsoever He had commanded them.

The priests of the diocese of Pittsburgh took the first place in this campaign not only by their spoken word but also by the quiet and substantial action which contributed over three hundred fifty thousand dollars to this wonderful campaign. The priests deserve great credit and especially the priests of the poorer parishes and assistants who so cheerfully have mortgaged their financial future for the next five years in the cause of Catholic education.

People do not give great sums of money to any cause unless they are moved thereto by a spiritual appeal. If this be a true principle we have reason to conclude that the effect of Bishop Boyle's appeal to his people had a mighty influence on the life of their souls, and that the success of his campaign is not the six millions of dollars raised, but the great spiritual good that was done in its raising.

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QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

MARRIAGE ANNULMENT

I read in the paper that a woman sued her husband because he represented himself as a short-story writer with an income of \$10,000. She now discovers that he has neither money nor occupation. What about her plea?—J. O. R., Cincinnati, O.

What the law of the State in which her suit is made may be, we do not know. In the Catholic Church misrepresentation of one's name or occupation or income would not constitute grounds for a marriage annulment. A woman does not marry a name or an occupation or an income. She marries a man. Incidentally, any short-story writer making \$10,000 a year is pretty well known.

ROSARY AND INDULGENCES

When saying the Rosary for the dead can you offer it up for the one deceased or must it be said for all the souls in purgatory?—R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Any indulgence applicable to the souls in purgatory can be applied to any one of them; it need not be applied to all. You can therefore offer your rosary for a deceased individual.

THE IMPEDIMENT OF AFFINITY

Are brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law allowed to marry upon the death of their respective wives and husbands? By this I mean is there any objection to a Catholic man or woman marrying his or her relations-in-law?—K. E. G., Newark, N. J.

The ecclesiastical law as expressed by Canon 1077 part I is this: Affinity in the direct line annuls marriage in whatsoever grade; in the collateral line it annuls marriage to the second degree inclusive. This means that a man cannot on the death of his wife marry her mother, grandmother, great-grandmother (direct line) or her daughter—by a previous marriage—or grand-daughter (also direct line): nor can he marry her sister or her aunt or her niece or her first cousin (collateral line). If he were to marry any of these latter without the proper dispensation, the marriage would be invalid. Permission for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister is sometimes granted.

CALLING THE DEAD

When you keep calling a dead person, does that disturb his rest?—R. M. Brooklyn, N. Y.

No.

MARRIAGE WITH JEWS

May a Catholic woman marry a Jew and receive the Sacraments?—D. C., New York City.

A Catholic woman may marry a Jew and receive the Sacraments, provided the necessary special dispensation is obtained.

HEAVEN

Is there such a thing as a man and wife being united again in heaven? If not, will they meet each other after death?—R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Whether a woman shall meet her husband after death depends upon where they land. If they have the good fortune of going to heaven they shall be happy though not married. "In the resurrection," says our Lord (Matt. 22/30), "they shall neither marry nor be given in marriage." One of the joys of heaven is beautifully described in a book called "In Heaven We Shall Know Our Own."

SECOND MARRIAGES

Is it right for a woman or man to think of marrying again once they lose their partner in life?—R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is all right for such a man or woman to think of marrying again. Holy Mother Church however considers chaste widowhood to be more honorable (Canon 1142).

MARRIAGE CEREMONY

When a priest in marrying a couple says, "Till death do us part" does he mean that after death this couple will not be related any more?—R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The words referred to "till death do us part" mean that after death the couple will cease to be man and wife.

TRUE AGE

Is it necessary for a girl who is about to be married in the church in which she was baptized to tell her right age to the priest when the young man she is to marry does not think she is older than he is?—M. S., New York City.

Better tell your right age! It is more prudent because after marriage the man would very probably learn of the deception and this knowledge might lead to estrangement and other serious consequences. True, there are circumstances in which a woman does not sin by concealing her right age: in such cases no one is deceived, all parties concerned understand that the age given is not the correct one. But even these "mental restrictions," unless necessary, are dishonorable and do not tend to elevate man's estimate of woman.

CATHOLIC INTEREST IN THE JEWS

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

In recent years special interest has been aroused among Catholics, who hope to bring the light of Faith to the Children of Israel. The modern movement began with the conversion of the brothers, Marie Theodore, and Marie Alphonse, Ratisbonne, in 1827 and 1842, respectively. Subsequently they were ordained to the priesthood and devoted themselves to

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labor for the conversion of the Jews. They founded a Religious Order for priests and for sisters under the patronage of "Our Lady of Zion." They summoned the Daughters of Zion to Jerusalem, where they were destined to undertake the double work of expiation and regeneration. That of expiation was to be accomplished in favor of Isreal; that of regeneration, by the free education of the children of Isreal already sought after by heretical and schismatical teachers.

In 1903, a pious lady, the Canoness of the Chapter of St. Anne, communicated to the Mother House of the Religious of Our Lady of Zion her desire to establish throughout the world an Association of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel. This desire, so thoroughly in conformity with the impulse experienced by the Fathers Ratisbonne, was favorably received by the Congregation especially devoted to the apostolate among the Children of Israel.

Two years ago our Holy Father Pope Pius XI, recommended as a special intention for the League of the Sacred Heart the "Conversion of Israel." Activity seems to have increased in many parts of Europe. Especially noteworthy are the efforts of an organization in England called the Catholic Guild of Isreal, which was begun at the Convent of Our Lady of Zion in London in December, 1917. The Guild has two committees, an executive and a general. The executive committee meets monthly, while the general committee, which is composed of priests and a few zealous laymen and ladies and three Daughters of Zion, meets once or twice a year.

The object of the Guild is not only to pray for the conversion of Isreal, but to arouse the interest of all Catholics in this work; to establish centers for correspondence with Jews inquiring about the Faith and for collecting and spreading information; publishing literature in English and Yiddish; to arrange for sermons and lectures to Catholics concerning the work of the Guild; to form a reference library of Hebrew and Catholic books, and to secure members who will contribute at least \$1. a year towards this work.

Apart from the prayers of some Catholics who have become acquainted with the Archconfraternity of Prayer, not much has been done in the United States, in spite of the prayers and work of the Sisters of Our Lady of Zion who came to America over twenty years ago and who have two Academies in the Diocese of Kansas City. One of the greatest obstacles to the realization of our Lord's wishes for the conversion of His own people lies in the general indifference on the part of Catholics and the too ready acceptance of the idea that such conversions are impossible.

There are in the world, according to Jewish estimates, 15,500,000 Jews. Of these, 3,600,000 are in the United States and 1,643,000 in New York City. It is estimated that since 1908 over 900,000 Jews have come to this country. Though many of these still cling to the religion of their ancestors, hundreds of thousands of their children have become indifferent to the Jewish religion and would seem to furnish a fertile field for work and prayer on the part of Catholics.

When we reflect on the fact that the Protestant denominations are making earnest efforts in many centers to get the Jews to accept what they call Christianity, it seems a pity that we who have the true Faith are so lacking in zeal in this regard. How can we forget that Christ our Lord in His human nature was born a Jew, of the House of David? Mary, His mother, was a Jewish maiden, the Lily of Isreal, daughter of St. Joachim and St. Anne, espoused to St. Joseph, the Jewish foster-father of our Lord; all

of His Apostles were Jews and received His commandment, "Go ye first to the lost sheep of Isreal." (Matt. 10/6).

But one may ask, "What can we do to help on this work of conversion?" First of all, every Catholic can pray, and pray in union with the thousands of associates of the Archconfraternity for the Conversion of Isreal, reciting daily the prayer that has been indulged by the Holy See. Priests might call the matter to the attention of their flocks to arouse their interest and sympathy and to encourage their people to manifest kindness and tolerance towards the Jews. Pamphlets could be circulated that would help to break down prejudices on the part of the Jews and bring home to them the truth that the Messias promised to their forefathers has already come in the Person of Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, the Founder of the Holy Catholic Church.

Surely all the readers of THE SIGN, devoted as they are to the Passion of our Lord, will strive to co-operate by prayer, and in many other way that may be possible for them, to bring about the application of the Precious Blood to the souls of the Jews in a sense far different from that which was voiced by the Chief Priests on the first Good Friday: "His blood be upon us and upon our children."

Consoling instances are at hand of many Jews who have accepted the Catholic religion, and the writer hopes in the near future to publish a selection of interesting accounts of such converts.

ROSALIE MARIE LEVY, New York, N.Y.

Editors Note. We trust that the above communication will stimulate some, at least, of our Readers, to take an active interest in the spiritual welfare of the Jews. Miss Levy is a convert to the Church. In gratitude for the gift of Faith she has written an instructive booklet entitled "The Heavenly Road." It may be procured from her at 14 East 29th St., New York City. (Price: \$0.25). Those who wish copies of the indulgenced prayer for the conversion of the Jews may obtain them from: The Secretary, Convent of Our Lady of Zion, 24 East Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

THE HOME MISSIONS

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

While conversing with a friend recently I took up the topic of Home and Foreign Missions and also various publications. She gave me your monthly magazine THE SIGN to read.

Among the communications, I read the letter from "G. G. H., Newark, N. J.," printed in the July issue, and judged, from its contents, that the writer had not yet heard about the new Seminary for Home Missions called Mount Melchisedech located at Oakland, New Jersey, a beautiful spot among the Ramapo Mountains, seven miles south of Suffern, New York. The Very Reverend Peter J. O'Callaghan is President of the Foundation. This Seminary will educate its Priests, Brothers, and Nuns to labor in the neglected parts of the United States. This institution is in its infancy as it was only opened last November.

I am sure that with this information the heart of "G. G. H." will swell with joy, as mine did when I read that this extra effort was being made to make our beloved Faith better known and better loved in the neglected parts of our own country.

—J. F. H., Metuchen, N. J.

Mother M. Teresa Margaret

Foundress of the Passionist Nuns in France

By BONIFACE CONNOLLY, C. P.

THE subject of this short article — Marie Elizabeth Oubry — was born at Sens, France, on the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption in the year 1841. She was baptised on the vigil of the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross; and she was thus introduced to the spiritual fountains of Christian life at a time when the mind of the Church was turned towards the mysteries of the Cross and Passion.

Owing to the very precarious state of her mother's health, she was in her infancy confided to the care of a peasant family in the vicinity of Saint Maurice, where her father, M. Oubry, followed the avocation of a notary. Under the roof of these simple people, the future recluse and contemplative flourished exceedingly. She steadily grew in physical strength, put on a rosy complexion, and acquired the rustic manners of the country folk, for whom she began to manifest a marked predilection, even to the exclusion of her devoted parents.

It was this latter circumstance that suggested to Madame Oubry the advisability of making a more suitable arrangement for the early instruction and training of her little daughter. Marie Elizabeth was accordingly sent to join her elder sister Louise at a boarding school. There the temporary defects of her primitive impressions soon disappeared; the gaps in her education were quickly filled up; and she shortly gained the ascendancy over the hearts of her teachers and companions by the charm of her character, the vivacity of her disposition and the remarkable wisdom which she always displayed in the expression of her opinions and judgments.

HER diligence in study and sustained attention to the catechism were extraordinary for a pupil of her years; and her realization of the importance that was to be attached to her first Confession and Communion revealed a mind singularly gifted by nature and grace. She was, however, destined to meet one of the greatest disappointments of her life on the very eve of her first Communion when she was stricken down with typhoid fever, and was in consequence rendered incapable of going to the Eucharistic Banquet till a long period of convalescence had restored her to health.

In the meantime the protracted illness of Madame Oubry was causing the gravest anxiety to her relatives and friends. Her physicians declared that a warmer climate was necessary. Acting upon this advice, Madame Oubry decided to leave Marie Elizabeth at the boarding school, and to take her elder daughter, Louise, and her younger daughter, Berthe, and to depart for the south of France.

MARSEILLES was the place chosen for their sojourn. In a very short time the mild atmosphere and salt sea air wrought a sensible improvement in her health. But suddenly cholera broke out in the city and all the visitors fled with dismay before the terrible plague. In this emergency Madame Oubry's first thought was Rome; and, notwithstanding the inconvenience caused by the number of passengers on the boat, she, with her two children, made the journey safely if not pleasantly, and in due course landed and satisfied her long cherished desire of dwelling in the Eternal City.

While these scenes were being enacted Marie Elizabeth was disconsolate after the departure of her mother and sisters. In her loneliness she had no one to look to but her father, and, encouraged by him, she frequently obtained permission to leave the boarding school and return to her home. When Madame Oubry, in Rome, learned that things had come to such a pass with her affairs in France she was filled with disquietude and trouble.

Marie Elizabeth was then fourteen years of age; her father was an infidel. Might not the repeated interruptions in her studies be an obstacle to her mental development? Might not her father's influence be a danger to her faith? Might not her freedom from maternal control lead to the loss of innocence? After much prayer and consultation Madame Oubry discovered that there was only one answer to these questions. Marie Elizabeth must be brought to Rome.

Louise, therefore, who was entrusted with the grave and delicate task of the rescue, went back to Saint Maurice where she found her sister in her father's house. It so happened then that the god-mother of Marie Elizabeth asked M. Oubry to allow his two daughters the privilege of spending a short holiday with her at her home. M. Oubry consented and granted the request. Louise looked

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upon this as providential, and she profited by the occasion to fulfil her mission. For, having passed a few very happy days in the company of the affectionate godmother, the two sisters, instead of returning to their father, set out for Marseilles.

IT was not, however, till they had gone a considerable distance on the way that Louise made known to Marie Elizabeth the high responsibility with which she had been charged. Marie Elizabeth received the news with astonishment; and her loyal heart was rent in twain by the conflicting sentiments of sorrow for leaving her father and joy at the prospect of seeing her mother. But she was not slow to recognize that her mother had all the reason on her side; and though the nature of the parting was distasteful to her, she knew that, considering the disposition of her father and his constant antagonism to her mother, it could not have been accomplished in any more agreeable manner. Marie Elizabeth then became reconciled, and having enjoyed the various scenes of a long and interesting coach route, she embarked with her sister Louise on the first boat which was sailing from Marseilles to Italy.

When their destination drew near and Rome appeared in the distance, the soul of Marie Elizabeth was stirred with religious emotion. She felt irresistibly drawn towards that Holy City where dwelt the Vicar of Christ; where so many illustrious saints had prayed; and where the blood of innumerable martyrs was shed in defense of the Faith. The work of her spiritual elevation had already begun. As a new member of the French colony in Rome she was introduced to the venerable and learned Cardinal Villecourt, and from him she received both counsel and encouragement. It was about this time that she read and transcribed line by line the small treatise by Père Grou, entitled, "The Gift of Oneself to God"; and so deeply was she affected by it that she ceased to care

for anything else but the hidden life and the knowledge of Christ Crucified.

She subsequently came under the direction of a Passionist Father to whom she manifested the state of her conscience, and from whom she begged enlightenment on the question of her religious vocation. And he, having examined the whole matter carefully before God, advised her to go to the Passionist Nuns at Corneto; and he assured her that in no other place would she find a convent more in accordance with her aspirations for the contemplative life and interior union with the Suffering Savior.

Marie Elizabeth accepted this decision as the will of God; and so, with a letter of recommendation from her director, she left Rome, and, accompanied by her mother to the door of the Convent in Corneto, she entered the cloister in the second month of the seventeenth year of her age. The affectionate welcome which she received from the Religious Community moderated for the moment the bitterness of the separation from her mother and sisters.

THE first days of her novitiate were days of joy and thanksgiving. She was profoundly penetrated by the thought that Divine Providence had taken her away from the tempestuous world and placed her in the enclosed and sheltered garden of religion. But, notwithstanding the harmony which reigned in the religious family, and the sweet tranquility of contemplative life, Marie Elizabeth found, even in the beginning, that there were many trials, and humiliations, and sufferings to be endured. Nevertheless her courage never failed, and she made daily progress in those virtues which the novices were expected to practise, and especially in purity of intention, mortification of the senses, and interior recollection.

At last the time came when it was necessary to decide whether she was to be rejected or admitted to the Religious Profession. On this point the



MOTHER M. TERESA MARGARET

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Reverend Mother, President of the Convent, who was also the Mistress of Novices, was more than satisfied so far as piety and aptitude were concerned; but there remained the very disquieting probability that the French novice was not constitutionally adapted to lead the life of a Passionist nun. In this doubt the Mother President sought the counsel of the Rev. Fr. Graetan, a Passionist, who had come to give a Retreat to the Religious. After a prudent examination Fr. Graeton gave it as his opinion that the delicate novice should not be excluded. This was final.

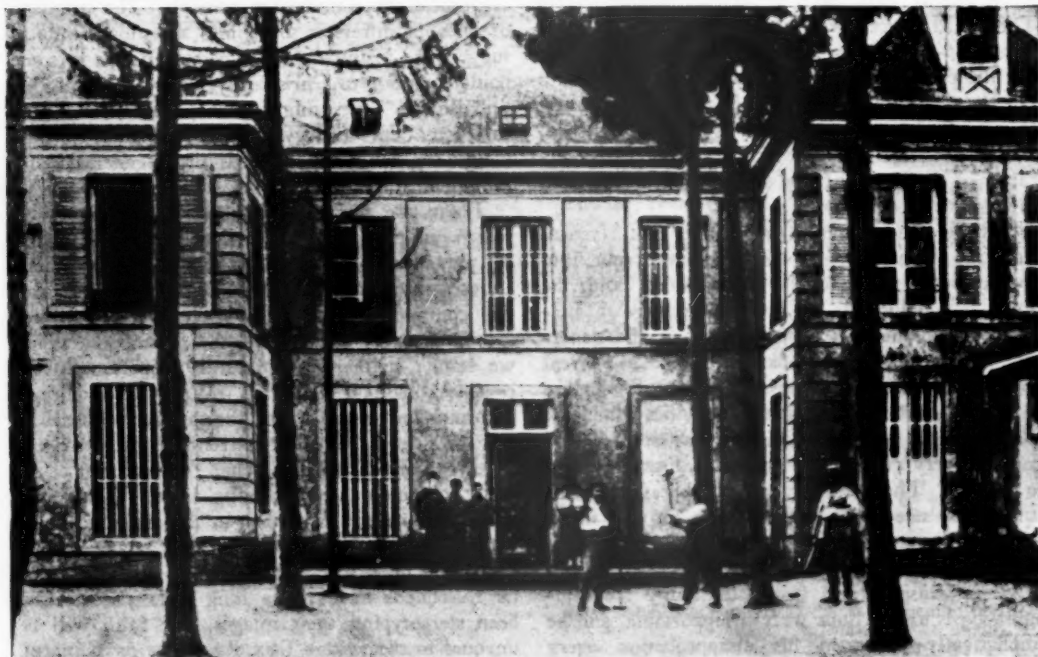
THE day was therefore fixed on which she was permitted to make her vows according to the Rules of St. Paul of the Cross. Her mother and her sisters, Louise and Berthe, were present at the ceremony. She then spent five more years in the novitiate as the custom of the Convent required, after which she was appointed Sub-Mistress of Novices, and assumed the name of Mother Mary Teresa Margaret of the Sacred Heart.

Mother Mary Teresa Margaret had already completed the generous donation of herself to God. Like the two sons of Zebedee, she had spoken largely and confidently, and had said that she was able without knowing how much she was promising. For her sincerity's sake she was taken

at her word; but she had yet to learn how serious that word was. Her Divine Master was to reveal it to her gradually and the meaning of it was to be the purification of her soul from all earthly attachments.

Thus it was that she had to bear the bereavements, first of her mother, then of Berthe, and then of Louise. Her poor unhappy father still survived. For his conversion she had prayed long and fervently, and with him she had kept up a constant filial correspondence; but all too soon the sad news came to her that he had succumbed to an apoplectic seizure in his garden at Saint Maurice. She then found herself alone with her own soul and the God who made it. There was nothing really left on earth to engage her attention except the glories and ignominies of the Cross, and the extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

To fulfil her vow of spreading devotion to the Passion became her all absorbing occupation. Ever since she was professed she had prayed to see the daughters of St. Paul of the Cross in her native land. The Rev. Mother President shared her ideas and enthusiasm in the project; and she promoted the cause of the French foundation by every means in her power. The scheme was thus slowly and regularly evolved from one canonical detail to another, till at last the work of preparation was



CONVENT AT MAMERS OCCUPIED BY THE MILITARY DURING THE WORLD WAR

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done. The respective Bishops had been consulted and their approbation and blessing obtained; and through the untiring zeal and fruitful charity of Abbé Beaudet of Mamers, a commodious residence had been secured which, with a little alteration, would serve the purpose of a convent. But, unfortunately, the execution of the plans was delayed by the war between France and Germany.

AS soon, however, as it was safe to venture abroad, in the year 1872, Mother Mary Teresa Margaret with two companions quitted the cloister at Corneto and proceeded to their new home at Mamers. On account of the unsettled condition of the countries through which the journey lay, it was deemed advisable by the ecclesiastical superiors that the three nuns should travel in secular attire. They passed through Rome, where they visited the Retreat of SS. John and Paul, and were accorded the favor of praying in the cell of their Holy Founder. They were then received in audience by His Holiness Pope Pius IX., who blessed them and their work and their benefactors. A few days later saw them at Mamers. Abbé Beaudet was there to meet them, and the archpriest came immediately and gave them their first Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament in one of the rooms of the house which was transformed into a chapel for the occasion.

As might have been expected, Mother Mary Teresa Margaret was chosen the first Mother President of the new foundation, and it was under her direction that the house was reconstructed to suit the requirements of the Religious Community. In a few years the Convent was fully established, with a canonical enclosure, and the regular observance of Rule faithfully carried out by day and by night.

But the clouds began to gather over that Mystical Calvary. The law of expulsion was put into operation by the French Government, and the nuns were obliged to fly and take refuge in Belgium. Madame Van Dewalle, a pious and generous benefactress, undertook to provide a Retreat for the Passionist Religious. She wished to place at their disposal a house of her own; but it had the advantage of being near the railway station, and for that very reason the tenant resolutely refused to leave. The refugees were, therefore, constrained by necessity to improvise a convent in an adjoining barn. But the obstinate tenant, who was presumably a lady, had a pet dog named Bijou, to whose sensitive and fastidious nature the midnight vigils of the nuns were insupportable, and he emphatically expressed his disapprobation every night by accompanying the psalmody with his own

variations of barking, whining and howling. It could not last. One morning Bijou and his mistress had fled and the house was open to the Passionist nuns. With the sanction of the Bishop of Bruges the building of the Convent of Mater Dolorosa was then begun at Thielt.

BY the time the Mater Dolorosa was opened, conditions were more favorable in France, and Mother Mary Teresa Margaret was able to return to Mamers, where, in the early part of the year 1914 she was called to her reward. She had finished her work and arrived at a state of perfection that heroes alone can reach.

Faith the Antidote

FALSE doctrine is not only tolerated in the "high places" of social life, but its seductive music echoes through "the groves" dedicated especially to what is termed, as if in satire, "sound learning." Presumptuous scepticism is canonized by popular acclamation, as not only a right but a duty, and the very perfection of mental and moral freedom. Even the heathenism of ancient Greece and Rome has its apologists, who sigh over its loss as over a departed glory, and delight in wreath its tomb with their falsely sentimental panegyrics.

Whilst all that was gross in its theory and practice is skillfully passed over in silence, its aesthetical side is unduly magnified. The language of these admirers is sometimes so eulogistic as to suggest the insinuation that paganism was in some points superior to Christianity, and that out of its unhallowed bones might perhaps be extracted in this twentieth century an "elixir vitae," which would do something towards the regeneration of the world in its old age.

These are some of the hostile elements with which our present life is perilously charged. How can this array of foes be successfully met without a clear-sighted and persevering courage and how can this courage be obtained? Certainly it will not spring up by chance out of the ground on which we stand; neither will natural temperament nor routine education supply it. What we require is an atmosphere from which the soul nerves shall be able to draw a constant current of moral vigor. Faith can create this atmosphere, but it must be no sickly, commonplace, flickering faith. If we only give a glance now and then at the invisible world and its realities; if, moreover, that glance comes from eyes upon whose moral retina this world and its falsehoods have for a long time and steadily been stereotyping their images, our faith will be unequal to the task.—THE PROPHET OF CARMEL by Rev. Charles B. Garside, M. A.

Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

Edited by N. M. LAW

WHO IS TO BLAME?

One's sympathy naturally goes out to Mrs. Allen in the burden of poverty and shame she must pick up and carry. But one can't help feeling that there was a sad lack of religion in the Taylor and Allen families:

GLOUCESTER, N. J.—Mrs. Edward Allen, 20 years old, whose husband and father were put to death in the electric chair at Trenton, decided on account of her poverty to let the State bury the bodies. Her husband and Frank Taylor, her father, paid the death penalty for the murder of a farmer. Her only other relative a brother, Charles, 16 years old, is a prisoner in the State Reformatory at Rahway.

CANADIAN CHURCH BILL

There never will be a real unity between the conflicting sects of Protestantism because Protestantism is founded on the foolish principle of 'private judgment,' and must, therefore, allow free play for the individual's religious vagaries:

OTTAWA, Ont.—The Church Union Bill, uniting the Presbyterian Methodist and Congregational churches of Canada, passed its final stages in parliament. The House of Commons adopted a Senate amendment providing that any congregation wishing to do so may remain out of the United Church.

A PAPAL DECORATION

Before his elevation to the Chair of Peter, Pope Pius XI. was noted not only as a brilliant scholar and distinguished diplomat but also as an intrepid Alpine climber. This latter fact may have something to do with his conferring of a recent decoration:

BOSTON, Mass.—The Order of St. Gregory the Great has been conferred on William C. Prout, leader of the United States Olympic forces in the games at Paris, by Pope Pius XI., according to a letter received from Edward L. Hearn, Director of the K. of C. Bureau at Rome. The decoration was conferred by the Pope in person as recognition of the great interest which men of America take in wholesome athletic work, Mr. Hearn's letter said.

THE DIFFERENCE

From *Williams Purple Cow* we get this sample of the better sort of college wit:

The main difference between a girl chewing gum and a cow chewing her cud is that the cow generally looks thoughtful.

THE SILENCE OF COWARDICE

Perhaps it wasn't good politics but it certainly was good Americanism to force the Klan issue in the Democratic Convention. The Klan was there strong. It claims to have had at least 238 Klan delegates. It was denounced in most scathing terms as a fomentor of bigotry, hate, hypocrisy, disloyalty, treachery. Its members were described as un-principled, vicious, deluded, ignorant, weak-minded. There were 14,000 persons in Madison Square Garden and not one had the courage to say that he belonged to the Klan or to speak a word in its defense! *Like the man at the wedding, not having on a wedding garment, the Klansmen, minus their nighties, were speechless!*

THE REAL LIBERALS

We Catholics are the true liberals in the best sense of that word. Don't let anybody tell you the contrary. The political-religious organization known as the "churches" is the enemy of liberty. The Editor of *Harper's Monthly* witnesses:

The fear of the Roman Catholic Church among Protestants in this country came from England and was the fear of the restriction of liberty—of priestcraft, of clericalism, of control of education in the interest of a powerful church. But, stars above! Observe what has happened to us! Out of the Protestant churches has come the Volstead law and all such regulations of private habits as the anti-cigarette law in Kansas, the campaign against evolution in the colleges, and the Oregon law against private schools. If the Catholics meddled as much with private life and personal preferences as the Methodists and the Presbyterians and the Baptists do, what do you suppose would happen. Sometimes Protestantism has stood for liberty. That it does so stand in our day in this country is something which needs argument.

PICK-UP RIDES

We trust there are no girl readers of *THE SIGN* who are foolish enough or un-Catholic enough to need this advice, given by Magistrate Jean Norris of the Woman's Court, New York:

Any girl foolish enough to accept an automobile ride from a stranger has only herself to blame for the consequences. The girl knows before she enters the car what is likely to happen. My advice to these girls is this: If the stranger offers you a ride, refuse. If he insists upon annoying you, tell the first policeman you see, and he will arrest the man. That would soon stop this epidemic of riding with strange men.

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VOTES AND RECRUITS

The National Education Association informs us that there are over 4,300,000 voters in the United States who can neither read nor write. Presumably there are some millions of other illiterates who are not entitled to vote. As long as this percentage of illiteracy continues there will be no lack of raw material out of which to make ardent recruits for such stupid organizations as the Knights of the Nighties.

FRUIT OF AN UGLY THEORY

Very eloquently the Editor of the *Catholic World* states the case against the Evolutionists of the material type who declare that man has no spiritual soul:

What surprises me is that the prophets of the new dispensation expect man to be moral, after they have told him that he is only an animal; that they demand high spiritual perfection of him, after they have told him that he has no soul. . . . If the poor fellow is only a brute, why hold up your hands in horror if he murder his brother? Do you blame a tiger for murder? If man is of one nature with the swine, why be scandalized if he wallows? If he is a reptile, why blame him for treachery? What is the sense of all your high and holy moral indignation against man, if he have no free will, if reason is only instinct, conscience an artificial acquisition, morality nothing but conformity with custom, and sin no more voluntary than the contraction of the diaphragm or the beating of the heart? If men are only animals, the world is totally a jungle, and why should not the law of the jungle prevail?

THE NORDICS

We are hearing much about that wonderful race, the Nordics, come from Northern Europe. Whatever is good and praiseworthy in America is due solely to their character and genius! How they appear to Arthur Guiterman is shown in these verses, contributed to the *Nations*:

The blond, gigantic Nordics
Unsheathed their shining swordics
On Viking trips
In dragon-ships
Against the Southern hordics.

The kind, longheaded Nordics
Preserved their conquered wardics,
But ruled their lands
With able hands
And never paid their boardics.

Those supermen, the Nordics,
Remain our hearts' adoredics;
They keep us straight,
They guide our fate,
They dwell in sweet accordics.

Still rule! triumphant Nordics,
Including Henry Fordics,
By right divine,
Resplendent line,
Creation's chosen lordics!

A SOCIETY NOTE

The American Mercury gives this "Thumbnail Impression of the Composite American Aristocracy after a Perusal of a Certain Society Journal:"

Roger Stuyvesant Pingley, whose marriage to Hildegard Lucille Tomkins will take place next week, is one of the recognized leaders of the younger set of old guard society. He is of Flemish-English extraction, his father, the late Ebenezer Augustus Pingley, born in New York in 1836, having descended from a family from Antwerp, long settled in the Mohawk Valley. His father, Elijah Pingley, married in 1820, Abigail, daughter of Eustace Frawley, of Middlesex, England. The mother of Roger Stuyvesant Pingley and of his brother Archibald, husband of Marie Sickle, was Harriet Peters, daughter of Lucius Dart. The Dart family traces origin to Duncan, who fought under William the Conqueror. Duncan's oldest son, Henry, was owner of a country seat at Millersboro, Essex, while his fourth son, Albert, was owner of a country seat at Fullersboro, Sussex. The Darts were established in New England early in the Seventeenth Century, being the first settlers at Martinsville, Vermont. Roger Stuyvesant Pingley is head of the shoe department at Gimbel's.

"ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY"

Under the above caption the *New York World* prints some interesting figures from the official records of the Ku Klux Klan as audited by Ernst and Ernst, certified public accountants:

From new members during the fiscal year which ended July 31st last the Klan derived an income of \$8,878,681.77.

From all other sources in the same fiscal year the Klan received a total of \$330,127.67.

In other words, almost 90 per cent of the Klan's funds come from its first-termers.

The "World" has always believed that the Klan was built for boobies and that the hugger-muggery of mighty oaths and pillow-cases in the night might raise \$15 once, but with more difficulty twice. No figures could prove it more convincingly.

THE THOUGHT PERSISTED

To the English *Stella Maris* we are indebted for this illustration of the absurdity of Christian Science:

"My father is dangerously ill," said a lady to a Christian Scientist.

"Nonsense," was the reply, "there is no such thing as illness; he thinks he is ill, that's all."

"How is your dear father?" asked the Christian Scientist the following week.

"He thinks he's dead," was the reply.

LIBERTY OR SOBRIETY?

Dr. Herbert Hensley Henson, Anglican Bishop of Durham, is reported to have "jolted" his fellow bishops when at a session in the House of Lords he made the statement: "Better a free Britian than a sober one." We should be happy to see America both free and sober. But between liberty and sobriety, liberty should come first.

Our Lay Auxiliary

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for September, 1924)

WE have already spoken of the sacrifices made by our Foreign Missionaries in order to win the Chinese to Christ. Yet any one of these men would count all their sacrifices as nothing beside the saving of one human soul. How our Blessed Lord Himself estimates the worth of a soul can be read in His Passion.

My dear members of the Archconfraternity: What does an immortal soul mean to you? What is your estimate of a human spirit created to God's own image and likeness, whose powers even while fettered by our bodies are so marvelous,—this spirit made for an endless happiness so great that it is beyond all our conceiving? How many of you ever give a thought to the tremendous privilege that you have of saving souls for Christ? Who of you would count all the most brilliant worldly ambitions and achievements as empty in comparison with helping toward the eternal salvation of one human being?

You do not need to go to China to be missionaries and apostles in this sublime work. As the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Peter Fumasoni-Biondi, said after the last Chinese Departure Ceremony in West Hoboken: "You who are to remain here in America have also a great mission field. More than half of your own people, over 60,000,000 souls, are not even Church-members. Here lies your mission, among these millions, so many of whom are not only searching for the light, but are also ready to be led and eager to be encouraged. And, too, unlike the poor Chinese, these people are intelligent, they can be reasoned with, and they will be, if only you present to them the truths of our holy Faith in a clear and, above all, in a kindly manner."

This subject is too large to be treated justly in one short article such as this. Hence, all that we desire you to pray for during the coming month is that God may fill your hearts with zeal to become apostles here in America of His Crucified Son,

so far as you are able, following the methods which we shall discuss in our next Intention.

Not only your Catholic Faith but also your American patriotism ought to fire you with zeal for this great work. Many even of those outside the Church are beginning to realize the truth of the words of Judge Brewster of the Supreme Court, himself a non-Catholic: "The Constitution and the Catholic Church will save our country. They are the two great forces that stand for authority and order." The Protestant churches in America have proved that they cannot hold the people; and unless these poor souls come to us, America is doomed to be a pagan nation and to follow the fate of every pagan nation in history.

Indeed, your very manhood and womanhood demand that you take up this duty. If we see our neighbor starving, we must pity him and sustain him. If we find him in pain and sorrow, we are bound to succor him as best we may. How then can we be utterly indifferent to the millions about us starving for the Bread of Life, groping in spiritual darkness and in spiritual suffering?

WHAT a grand opportunity is yours to-day! If only you would try! You will find the methods that we shall speak about next month so simple, so clear, above all, so kindly! There will be no room for dispute, for ill-feeling, for rancor.

Remember, too, that you as lay-people are able to get into close touch with thousands who would never think of approaching a priest. You can do work in this field which a priest could not attempt. And do you not think that God expects you to do something, as a patriot, as a human being?

Just now if our Blessed Lord were to speak to us, as He spoke to His Apostles of old, He would undoubtedly repeat those pleading words: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few."

Are you willing to be one of those laborers?

The members of the Archconfraternity are asked to pray during September that God may fire them with zeal to become Apostles of the Cross, as members of our Lay Auxiliary.

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership in it is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. **FIRST DEGREE** Members say daily Five Our Fathers and Five Hail Marys in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and also make, morning and evening, an Offering of the Precious Blood. **SECOND DEGREE** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **THIRD DEGREE** Members make fifteen Minutes Meditation daily on the Sacred Passion, besides performing the works of the First and Second Degrees. The **SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **CRUSADE OF PRAYERS** and **GOOD WORKS** for the conversion of China, and for the welfare of the Passionist Missionaries in China. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Jesus Crucified. Please send your name for enrollment to **THE SIGN**, West Hoboken, N. J.

Her Second Son

Mrs. Meara's Hope and Ambition Realized

By FLORENCE GILMORE

NO other mission, given in Holy Family parish, ever succeeded like that one. The old church was crowded for every exercise; the sermons were discussed in workshops and department stores, in fine hotels, cheap lodging houses, and by hundreds of firesides; and each afternoon and evening, while it lasted, long lines of penitents waited about the confessionals, many of whom had not approached the Sacraments for ten or even twenty years. Some said that it was Father Murphy's eloquence, or his eloquence, kindliness, and holiness, all three together, that worked the miracle; others, more prosaically inclined, insisted that the mission was "popular," as they put it, merely because scores of people in the parish remembered Father Murphy as a ragged, bright faced boy, in the school and about the sanctuary, and were interested to see how he had developed.

To Father Murphy himself the mission meant an unusual amount of hard work, some consolation, much weariness, and a rather sad renewing of old associations—sad, because all those whom he had loved best slept in the little graveyard behind the church.

It was with a sense of thankfulness that he realized the task was almost finished, as he left the confessional, on Friday afternoon, in the second and last week of the mission. A man instantly intercepted him to ask a question about the hour of the first Mass; then, in going up the aisle he passed close to a stout, poorly dressed, old woman, who whispered something that he did not catch. Bending over her he said gently,

"Pardon me, but I did not understand what you said."

The woman turned a sweet, tired, radiantly smiling face up to his. "Oh Father, I did not speak to you! I must have been praying too loud. Excuse me. I was just a-thanking Him over and over again."

"A good prayer! Many of us forget to thank Him," Father Murphy whispered approvingly; and as he entered the sanctuary he thought, with a feeling of tenderness for the old woman: "Surely the good Lord loves her!"

In all probability he would never have given a thought to her again, if he had not heard his name

whispered loudly, an instant later, and turned back to see the same old woman standing at the altar rail, holding out to him a rather grimy envelope.

"Father, it's an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving, because—because a dear plan of mine turned out well—so well I can hardly believe it: something I wanted to do for the dear Lord, and He let me," she explained and added coaxingly, "I just thought this minute that maybe you would say it *yourself*."

"My Masses are promised for the next week or ten days, but perhaps Father Prendegast—" Father Murphy began; but she interrupted him:

"There's no hurry at all about mine, and I surely would like you to say it yourself, if you're willing," she begged.

"Well, well, I will: on the first free day I have," Father Murphy agreed; and she thanked him as if he had done her a very great kindness.

HE passed into the house and went to the room which had been assigned him, intending to rest during the half hour before supper-time; for, immediately after the meal there would be converts' class in one of the parlors, followed by a sermon and more work in the confessional; but first of all, he took a small note book from his bag and made a memorandum of the old woman's Mass intention. This done, he tore open the envelope, slipped the dollar-bill into his pocket, and was on the point of throwing the envelope into the waste-paper basket when he chanced to glance at the inscription upon it, written in a large, tremulous, illiterate hand, exactly thus: "offring for a Mass of thaksgivin."

Father Murphy stared at the two lines. It was not the original spelling that held his eyes, but the queer capitol M and the strange long tails worn by the g's.

Suddenly, with the envelope still in his hand, he ran from the room, down the stairs, out of the house, and across the yard to the church door. Into the sanctuary he hurried, and looked toward the pew in which the old woman had knelt when he first spoke to her. She was there no longer; and, slowly and regretfully, he returned to the parish house and went to the pastor's study on the ground floor.

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"Father Prendegast," he said excitedly, holding out the envelope for him to see, "can you tell me whose writing this is? It is quite individual, you observe. Do you know it? An old woman gave me this envelope, with a Mass offering enclosed in it: a dear old body, stout, and smiling, and perhaps a little slatternly in her dress. Do you know whom I mean from the writing or from my description?"

Father Prendegast smiled. "I do not recognize the writing—never saw it before, to my knowledge; but I judge that your friend spent but few days in school, and has scant respect for Webster or Wooster or the Standard Dictionary. As for the other clues you give me, 'stout, and sweet faced, and poorly clad' the description would fit half the good old souls in this parish, or in any other where the congregation is more than half Irish." Then, after a glance into Father Murphy's face, he added, more gravely, "You are disappointed? I am sorry that I cannot help you. Seriously, I haven't an idea who she is."

"Indeed I am disappointed," Father Murphy admitted.

FROM an inner pocket he drew an envelope, and out of it took two smaller ones, and handed them and the one he had received only half an hour before to Father Prendegast. "See, the writing is identical: the same funny g's, and the same big stiff capital M."

Father Prendegast examined them carefully. "There is no mistaking the writing after you have seen a sample of it," he agreed. "So you want to trace her."

"You'll help me to find her, won't you, Father?" Father Murphy said almost imploringly.

Father Prendegast smiled again. "I'm willing, but what can I do?"

"I don't know—wish I did. It's such a large congregation, and as you say, what clues have we?"

He was silent for a moment, vainly trying to devise some means; and when he spoke again, it was to say,

"I'll tell you why I wish so much to find her. You know that I grew up in this parish. We lived in a small, shabby house on West Dodridge street. My father died when I was only a year old, and my mother had a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. When I was thirteen or fourteen I began to long to become a priest, but I knew mother could not possibly pay my way. I did not say a word to her, but I spoke to dear old Father Kennedy, and he promised to do what he could for me.

"One day, when I had almost finished the eighth grade, and knew that the next year I must go to work unless some way could be found to send me through high school and to the seminary—one day, Father Kennedy took me aside and told me that a lady in the parish wished to support a boy while he made his studies—to pay his tuition fees, for his books, clothing, everything."

"May I be the boy, Father? I promise that I'd do my best," I begged.

"I'll speak to your mother about it," he said; and he did; and very soon everything had been arranged just as I had hardly dared to hope.

"The money was given to Father Kennedy, and he sent to the rector what was needed for my school fees, and to me, enough for clothes and incidental expenses. I did not know the name of my benefactress, and Father Kennedy was pledged never to reveal it. When I was within two years of ordination he died, and I lived through a very miserable month during which I did not know what provisions could be made for me but some weeks before my half yearly tuition was due, an envelope was left for me at the door of the college, which contained all the money I should need for the remainder of the year.

"The same thing happened in June. Wasn't it thoughtful of her to send it then, so I could know throughout the summer that there need be no worry about being able to return? I questioned the lay-brother at the door, but all he could tell me was that a woman had left the letter, and would not come inside, even to see the new chapel. I told him that if she ever came again I must see her; and I reminded him several times as the next mid-year approached; but one afternoon he came to me, shamefaced, and gave me the last I ever received, or needed, of these envelopes. It was a cold, windy, snowy day, but he had not been able to persuade the woman to come in. He had coaxed her to wait until he called me, but she had literally run away at the mere suggestion.

"I heard from her once more: on the day of my ordination. She sent me a chalice. Since then there has not been one word, and that was fifteen years ago. Do you wonder that I want to find her? And this Mass of thanksgiving that she wants me to say—I am quite certain, from what she hinted, it is because I persevered, and was ordained, and am here to give this mission."

FATHER Prendegast was interested now, and almost as eager as Father Murphy to trace the generous old woman. "We must find her before you go; but I can think of no way except for you to keep watch for her whenever you are

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about the church. You would know her again, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, unquestionably; but the chance seems slight, and I am so eager."

FATHER Murphy decided to say his benefactress's Mass the next morning, and to put off another until the following week; and he said it with unusual fervor and consolation. Afterward, as he knelt on a prie-dieu in the sanctuary to make his thanksgiving, he glanced instinctively toward the pew in which the woman had knelt the afternoon before. It happened to be directly before the altar at which he had offered his Mass. An old woman was in it then; but he could not be certain it was she, for her head was bent forward, so that it rested on the back of the seat before her, and her face was entirely hidden.

After most of the worshippers had left the church he went to her, and touched her on the shoulder to attract her attention. She had not moved since he first noticed her, and even now she did not stir. He took her hand in his, and found it cold, unnaturally cold.

She had slipped away to heaven while his Mass was being said.

Father Predegast was summoned hastily, and as soon as he saw her he exclaimed, "It's poor old

Mrs. Meara! Surely, she went straight to God, for a better soul never lived, nor a kindlier, nor a merrier!"

A moment later, catching sight of Father Murphy's agitated face, he exclaimed,

"So she was your friend! I am not greatly surprised, although—What you must have cost her in sacrifices! She made her living by scrubbing in one of the big office buildings down town. She has worked from ten to six every night for forty three years. She could not rest, in her old age, because she had never saved a dollar: so she told me herself, not more than two or three weeks ago."

HALF an hour later, when the two priests were at the breakfast table, Father Predegast said to Father Murphy, "Her husband died many, many years ago—not very long after they were married. She had one child, a boy, who lived to be twelve years of age. She told me about him more than once, always explaining that she was certain he would have been a priest had he lived. But God was good to her. I have heard from other sources that he was a rascal, a really bad boy; besides being too dull and too lazy to have made his studies. So—well, God always knows best! Her second son turned out well, and, God be praised, she lived to see it."

The Gate of Dreams

By CATHERINE M. BRESNAN

The long, long night I waited at the gate of dreams and tried
To enter but the heavy door was bolted fast inside.

I called, I pleaded through the dark, would some white spirit hear
And open the huge lock for me, but never one came near.

The whole long night, through weary hours, in vain I waited there,
And then the morning's smiling light brought answer to my prayer.

Her cool white hands caressing me, her arm around me thrown,
She led me through the gate of dreams, beyond the portal stone.

And there where I had hoped to find the beauty life denied
Were the same folks, and trees, and flowers as on the outer side.

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED

The Seven Dolors of Mary

Some Thoughts and Affections on the Mother of Sorrows

THE MEETING WITH JESUS ON THE WAY TO CALVARY

"And bearing his own Cross, he went forth to that place which is called Calvary, but in Hebrew, Golgotha. (St. John: 19/17).

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

THERE is no mention in Sacred Scripture of the meeting between Jesus and Mary on the way to Calvary. But very early Christian tradition convinces us of the fact. Besides writings explicitly describing the scene, there are other records of the first centuries which tell us of a little sanctuary erected upon the very spot where the meeting took place, at the junction of the street from the Praetorium of Pilate with the road from Damascus, about 400 feet from the Roman court of justice. Today the sacred spot is marked by a church built directly over the buried ruins of the ancient sanctuary.

Mary must have been near the Praetorium with St. John during the trial of Jesus; and an old Christian writer describes how both hurried by a short route to the corner of the street that we have above described.

Let us now, in spirit, take our stand with Mary on this first Good Friday morning among the excited, jostling crowds of Jews, furious at her Son, the "accursed Galilean" Who had dared to call Himself the Son of God, and Who now is going forth to be crucified in the company of two criminals.

Mary's face is covered with a veil; but she stands erect with her hand in that of St. John. Far up the street we can tell that the tragic procession is coming nearer by the fierce cries of the people, which grow louder with its approach. Here now is the Roman centurion on horseback looking down disdainfully upon his escort of the chief priests and ancients of the people; then the herald carrying Pilate's inscription, "King of the Jews." The crowds about us redouble their cries, and strain

forward to get a glimpse of their Victim. And at last, surrounded by stalwart, bronzed soldiers of Rome, and staggering slowly along under a great Cross, comes the Savior of the world.

We have heard often that the Cross of Jesus was a heavy one. And indeed it was, according to good authority being at least fifteen feet long, with the cross-piece six feet wide, of a thickness well suited for its cruel purpose. To these heavy beams the hands of Christ are tied, so that the Cross must stay upon His left shoulder; and each time that He falls, He is literally crushed to the earth.

Is it necessary to try to describe how Jesus appeared at this meeting with Mary, after His sufferings of the previous night and early morning? Can we do better than simply to recall the inspired words of His Psalmist, "I am a worm, and no man." (Ps. 21/7).

Shall we try also to picture Mary's sorrow, except in those other inspired words of the Prophet, "O, all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow"; "To whom shall I compare thee, or to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem, for thy grief is as great as the sea, and who is there that can comfort thee?" (Lam. 1/12:2/13).

Mary raises her veil—one look between mother and Son—and Jesus totters on. But oh, what Jesus and Mary read in that single glance of each other's eyes will never be fathomed by all the Seraphim and Cherubim.

Let us, however, try to understand something of Mary's thoughts in this, her fourth dolor. Let us, for a few minutes, keep before our minds this picture of her meeting with Jesus, and try to read in her eyes something of the thoughts of her soul.

Sorrow, unutterable sorrow, of course, is there, for now the piercing sword of grief, foretold by the prophet Simeon, is cutting deep into her heart.

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Whatever Jesus has suffered since His agony in the garden, Mary has suffered with Him in her soul; and now, as He falls and faints under His burden, she feels every pang in her own heart as though she were under the Cross with Him. Yet with all the sorrow and pity in Mary's eyes we must also read there something which at first might cause us surprise. Mary knows that her Son is the Son of God. She knows that, in an instant, He could throw off the Cross from His shoulders and appear in all the might and majesty of His Divinity, and that thus He might draw from her own heart its sword of grief and from her own shoulders its heavy Cross. But, notwithstanding all this, in her eyes we shall read no sign of entreaty that such a thing might happen. There is, in her glance, nothing to hinder Jesus, to weaken His resolve, to deter Him from His purpose. There is, with all her sorrow and pity, only *encouragement* for Jesus to go on—to endure—to be crucified.

Ah, Mother, my heart is struck with compassion for thy sorrow. But even more is it filled with admiration at thy courage and with love for thy goodness to me. It was for my sake that thou didst encourage Jesus in His sacrifice. It was for me that thou didst will to complete thy own sacrifice and to have thy heart broken with sorrow. In thy flight into Egypt I called thee "Virgin most beautiful," because of thy faithfulness to Jesus. Now I must call thee "Virgin most beautiful," because of thy faithfulness to me, thy faithless child. O Mother, help me to understand thy love for me, the love that didst make thee encourage Jesus to be crucified for me. (*Continue making such affections to Mary as long as you feel your heart moved by them.*)

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

WE are told, also by ancient Christian tradition, that during the years which Mary lived on earth after the death of Jesus, she was accustomed to retrace again and again in the streets of Jerusalem the way that her Divine Son took to Calvary. What a beautiful tradition this is, which

reminds us that, in making the Way of the Cross, we are but following the devotion begun by Mary herself. Some day, in our meditations here, we may be able to go over this Way of the Cross with Mary, and ask her to teach us the mystery of each "station" as we are now trying to learn from her the lesson of this the fourth station of the Cross and her fourth great dolor.

This present lesson, we believe, lies in the remarkable expression which we have just now read in the eyes of the mother of God,—encouragement to carry the cross. And indeed it is a *blessed* lesson, for in this carrying of the cross, we all know our weakness, especially when the cross crushes us helpless to the earth, as it did to Jesus, our Master, and as it must do to us, if we are to be His true followers. Our love, like His, must be tried to the breaking-point, if we are to be found worthy of God. But, when we are tried in this way, when

the cross does crush us to the earth, if only we would raise the eyes of our soul to Mary! She will surely be near us, as she was to Jesus. And we, too, shall see her eyes filled, not only with ineffable compassion and love, but also with that encouragement which the mother of God alone can give, encouragement to carry on—to the end.

O Mary, teach me to look to thee when my cross seems too heavy to bear. Teach me to understand that carrying the cross is the greatest thing that I can do, that this it is which places me with Jesus, which tries my love for Him, and which marks me for His own. And, Mother, let me learn from thee how to encourage others in carrying their cross, as

thou didst encourage Jesus. Very often the crosses that my loved ones must bear are so much heavier than my own. Teach me how to help them to be faithful to the end by raising their eyes to thee. (*Continue making such affections as long as you feel your heart moved by them.*)

RESOLUTION: Each Friday, I shall make the Way of the Cross with Mary, that she may teach me how to carry the cross, as Jesus did.

ASPIRATION: O Mother of Sorrows, give me courage to carry the cross God sends me!



MARY MEETS HER DIVINE SON

OUR JUNIOR READERS



The Ideal Boy

By F. C.

Clean is his heart as falling snow,
His smile is good to see;
Sweet are his eyes, like babies' eyes,
So innocent is he.

Good fun he loves, but not o'er much,
For him life is no joke;
The yoke of Christ he knows is sweet,
And yet it is a yoke.

Proud are his friends of him, he's true
As steel, there is none truer;
He puts no faith in words, he knows
Success is to the Do-er.

He prays and works and plays, with vim,
His heart's in all he does,
And when he dies the Lord will kiss,
The lips of one He loves!

My dear Junior Signers:

Vacation is over, and now you are back to school again. Try to remember that your parents are probably making great sacrifices to keep you at school. Do not squander this precious time, but apply yourself to the various studies that are given you. "It is easier to conquer a bad habit today than tomorrow." If in the past you have had the habit of day-dreaming, whispering, fidgeting about in your seat, and the like, during study time, try to overcome it and get down to business the very first day of school. This month we celebrate Our Blessed Mother's birthday, September 8, and you can give her no better birth-day present than to promise her that you will be very faithful to your school work this coming year. You will do this now, won't you? Bobby Mite Box didn't fare very well during the summer months; the poor little fellow is just about able to sit up and take a little nourishment. Very soon, however, he will be in condition to take all the nourishment that is given him, so, save up your pennies, nickels, dimes, etc., and the more, the merrier!

I hope that before this year is over, every Junior Signer will have at least one Sign subscription to his or her credit. Hurry up and get yours! Write me a letter, telling me all about it, and don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today.

Asking God to bless everyone of you, and hoping that you will be the best little boys and girls in the world, I remain,

Affectionately yours,

DADDY SEN FU.

AN IDEAL BOY

(A True Story)

ONE cold day in February, Grandma, with a basket under her arm, started for the store. I begged her to let me go, but she refused, saying that she must go herself. I was quite uneasy about her on account of the slippery pavement, but she was determined to go and all my pleading was in vain.

I watched grandma out of the window, until she disappeared from sight. Then I continued my work. Grandma reached the store without a mishap. A few minutes later she left the store, her basket laden with groceries. She had not gone far when she slipped and fell on the icy pavement. Her age prevented her from rising. Presently, she heard a pleasant voice and looking up beheld a boy about ten years of age standing near her. He was poorly but neatly dressed.

The boy took the basket of groceries; then he assisted grandma to her feet, and, gently taking her arm, led her across the street. During the walk home the boy told grandma all about himself and his family and before he had finished his story, they had reached our house. The boy rang the bell and, handing me the basket, helped grandma into the parlor. He refused the coin which grandma offered him, bade us good bye and took his leave.

After he had gone, grandma told me about him. She said, "That boy's father is dead. His mother worked very hard after his father's death, but she is now a complete invalid. There are three boys in the family. When his mother became ill, this boy had to go to work. He does all the house work, and finds little or no time to play. But he was very cheerful about it, and seemed only too glad that he could be of some help to his dear mother." Grandma said, in conclusion, that she thought this boy deserved to be called an ideal boy.

ANNA M. O'CONNOR,
West Philadelphia, Pa.

AN IDEAL GIRL

(Another True Story)

JOHN COLON was an exemplary Catholic youth with whom the "Faith" always came first; all other things were secondary—very much so. During the four years that John attended the Boston Institute of Technology, he boarded with a non-Catholic family named Brown. These people were conscientious Episcopalians, as honest and as upright as anyone could be. They treated John with the utmost kindness and he was perfectly at home with them. As time went on and they came to know more and more of the sterling character of the lad, they conceived the greatest admiration for him. One thing that impressed them very much was that he would get up early in the morning on week days, and go to Holy

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Mass. What made this the more admirable was the fact that he nearly always stayed up to a very late hour, studying.

Alice, the youngest daughter—she was ten—became especially attached to this clean-living, wholesome boy, and she would often come to his room to chat with him. On his part, he was not long in realizing that Alice, were she a little Catholic girl, would be considered a "saint." Her obedience to her parents could not have been more perfect. Never had John seen a little girl more modest, less given to vanity, or more wholesomely sweet.

The young girl became greatly interested in the religion which could make a young man get up so early, and with not the slightest urging from anyone go off to church. During their friendly little chats she asked him many questions concerning the Catholic Faith, and her clean heart saw clearly the truths that were presented to her. At length, on the last evening that John was to spend at her house the following conversation took place between himself and his little friend.

"You think I'm the nicest little girl in Boston, don't you," the child began, quite simply and abruptly. "Why y-e-s," replied John, not a little surprised at her manner of speaking.

"And you think that your religion is the one, true religion, don't you," she continued, looking her friend straight in the face.

"Why of course," answered the youth promptly, and wondered what was coming next.

"Then why haven't you ever asked me to become a Catholic!" The girl's logic was perfect; her reasoning would have done credit to a person twice her age; she looked straight into his eyes, and awaited his reply.

For the moment John was too stunned to reply. Finally, he said slowly, "Why, Alice... I did not think... that it would be... just right seeing that I am merely a boarder in your mother's house, and she, a non-Catholic."

"Just the same I think you should have," said the girl, "and anyhow, I will be a Catholic some day."

After John left Boston, he continued to correspond with his little friend. In all of her letters there were questions concerning his beautiful Catholic Faith, and he knew it would be only a matter of time before Alice would enter the one true Fold.

In the last letter which she wrote to him was this remarkable sentence, "Tell me, John, why is it that the God of the Protestants seems so far away, and the God of the Catholics is so very near them?" And this also, "I am going to be a teacher, because that is how I can do the most good."

Alice was taken sick; she was rushed to the hospital and operated on for acute appendicitis and died a few hours after the operation. Undoubtedly this sweet child found that the God of the Catholics is very near to everyone who seeks Him sincerely and who serve Him with a clean heart.

May the life of this little girl serve as an example to our Junior Signers, and may they appreciate their holy Faith, which brings God so very "near" to them!

MARY JANE CORCORAN,
Albany, N. Y.

A Letter From Our Old Friend Bud

Dear Daddy:

I have had a very pleasant vacation. You told me not to forget the Missions during the summer months, and indeed I haven't. The other evening while sitting out on the veranda of the hotel where we are stopping I overheard the following conversation, which I think will interest you. I think it will be as good as a sermon for our Junior Signers as to what they should be and what they should not be. Being taken from real life, I think will make it more interesting. Hav-

ing just finished my course in short-hand, I often practice a bit just for fun. I took this conversation down, word for word. Knowing the parties concerned made it more interesting to me. James is a quiet, well mannered Catholic boy of 14; Anna is his sister, a modest, wholesome sort of girl and very devoted to Mission work. Frederic is.... well, I shall allow you to judge him by his words.

JAMES: "You'll get as much of heaven as you've given out on earth, as old David Harum says. For my part, I'm only too glad to give half of my spending money for the Missions."

ANNA: "And I too, James. But if what old David Harum says is true—as it undoubtedly is—some folks aren't going to get enough of heaven to know they have any. There are some people in this world who never give anything to anybody but their own darling self."

FREDERIC: "Oh fudge! I suppose you both think you're knocking me! I hope you remember that charity begins at home."

JAMES: "And charity loses its life by staying too much at home. I hope you remember that, too, greedy boy."

FREDERIC: "Anyhow, who cares a fig about those worthless old Chinks! Why, one American is worth a whole carload of them."

ANNA: "Frederic! How can you talk like that! Haven't they immortal souls to save as well as we?"

FREDERIC: "Oh, I s'pose so.... maybe.... anyhow, this thing of giving up your spending money don't appeal to yours truly. A fellow can only live once and he might as well have one good time."

JAMES: Truly, silly boy, you can only live once, and that is all the more reason why you should make something of your life. And the only way to make something worthwhile of your life is to live for others."

FREDERIC: "That's very pious talk, but when a fellow only has five dollars a week for spending money, he needs every cent of it for himself. I tell you I have a very expensive stomach. I can't do without plenty of ice cream, soda, candy and the like. Then, there is the theatre, and lots of other things to spend your money on. I tell you the Chinks don't appeal to me."

ANNA: I have always noticed that boys with very expensive stomachs usually have very empty heads. Don't waste any more words on the greedy boy, James."

JAMES: Frederic, I repeat what I said a moment ago; you'll get as much of heaven as you've given out on earth. And if you continue to act as you are now, you'll get so little that you won't know you have any."

ANNA: Which means, greedy Sir, that you'll get a whole lot of... of the devil's land... that's the place where people go who don't care a fig about the immortal souls for which Jesus died."

FREDERIC: "Oh you two make me tired, disgusted, sick all over. I'm out for a good time and I'm going to have it. The next world is far, far away."

Here I strolled over to the group. I explained that I had overheard the conversation; that I couldn't help it, seeing that they talked so loud, and then I said in my most disgusted voice to Frederic, "You're my idea of just nothing at all!" and off I walked. He did not follow me; well for him he didn't. I do hope that not one of our Junior Signers is like him, but rather that they are all like James and Anna. I pray every day for the dear Missionaries in China, and save what money I can for Bobby Mite Box.

Your old friend,

BUD.



WITH THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

Six Months At Yuanchow - - - Our Supu Mission - - - Gemma's League

Six Months At Yuanchow
By Father Timothy McDermott, C. P.

SINCE assuming charge of Yuanchow Mission, Father Timothy has devoted his whole attention to its progress and success. Consequently his letters have been infrequent and brief. Recently, however, he favored us with the following notes, which record some of the happenings at his mission since last December:

Now that Father Quentin has gone to Kienyang for a little visit and our Chinese reading course is suspended, I find a little spare time to send you these few items which may prove interesting to the friends and benefactors who have given us so much help. Where have I been and what have I been doing are questions that would require more than one letter to tell you everything that has happened since my arrival here December 3. You had better send me a Senate investigating committee, for of necessity I have been mixed up also in a Teapot scandal. It is simply scandalous the way we have been obliged to live on tea. If ever I get another cup of coffee, I will be one of the luckiest men on this side of heaven. The mail from Shanghai or Hankow is not coming through, and we are without a good many things.

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, we had the dedication of the first Passionist church erected in China and placed it under the patronage of St. Paul of the Cross. For more than a year Father Kevin made every effort to complete the building, and, now that all was ready for the solemn blessing, I was pleased to have him present and take part in the ceremonies. To add to the solemnity, a class of catechumens was prepared to receive the Holy Sacrament of Baptism. On the vigil of the feast, nearly all the Christians approached the Sacrament of Penance.

At an early hour on that memorable day, the altar was stripped of all ornaments, as the ceremonial of the Church prescribes, and the faithful were bidden to remain outside. The Celebrant, Father Hypollito Martinez, O.S.A., with Father Quentin as Deacon and Father Kevin as Subdeacon, preceded by the cross-bearer and acolytes, marched to the front door of the church and there recited the prayers. After

walking around the exterior and sprinkling the walls with holy water, we entered the new building chanting the Litany of the Saints. As soon the litany was finished, the interior walls, the altar, and the tabernacle were blessed.

The Christians then entered the new church and immediately began their morning prayers. Many pagans came along with them to witness the services. When prayers were over, thirteen catechumens received the Sacrament of Baptism. Then followed a sermon on the Blessed Sacrament by Father Hypollito. Solemn High Mass began as soon as the sermon was finished. This was the first and only time a Solemn High Mass was ever celebrated at Yuanchow. I played the organ and did the singing. The church was packed with more than two hundred people, and and ninety one received Holy Communion.

This was indeed a memorable day in Yuanchow. For the Christians everything was new. They had never been present at a Solemn High Mass before; they had never known what it meant to have the Blessed Sacrament remain with them in the tabernacle on the altar; they had never witnessed Solemn Benediction until that day. Such was their faith and happiness; such was the joy of the First Communicants; such was the awe of the pagans present, that I sincerely believe our Divine Lord gave every-one of us that day His special blessing.

On that same day the books and keys of the Mission were turned over to me as the new Missionary. I had already done the same thing with Father Kevin, when he became the Missionary at Kienyang as my successor there. On the following day came the departures; the two Fathers "Ma" left us for Kienyang. Never was there such a blue day at the Yuanchow Mission. It looked as though Father Quentin and myself should pack up and leave also. With the departing missionaries, all life and spirit around the Mission seemed to have gone. We two certainly learned a little humility during those days, for we simply didn't count at all. By this time, however, we have come into our own, and though we may not cause as much dolorous excitement on our departure as did the Senior and Junior "Ma," still I hope we get a little more attention than we did during those sad days of last December.

YULETIDE IN YUANCHOW

The first great day for us at Yuanchow was Christ-

YOU NEED THE CHINESE MISSIONS FOR THE BLESSINGS THEY CAN BRING YOU.



THIS GROUP OF CHRISTIANS WAS TAKEN AFTER MASS ON EASTER 1924, IN SUPU, HUNAN

mas. It was one glorious happy time, but it meant lots of work. The church and compound were cleaned and decorated with many green boughs, and with lanterns made of colored paper and bearing Christian phrases proper to the season. We heard ninety confessions on the vigil of the feast. The Mission was ablaze with lights. Fully three hundred people crowded into the compound. All the Christians remained there, except the very young or very old. Refreshments were served until nine o'clock, when the signal was given for those to begin their fast who intended to receive Holy Communion at Midnight Mass.

About a quarter to twelve, I summoned the Christians to the church and when all had gathered together I began my Christmas sermon. Then the High Mass was celebrated by Father Quentin, while I assumed charge of the organ and choir. At this Mass, over seventy of the Christians received Holy Communion. Father Quentin said two low Masses after the High Mass, and all the Christians remained for them. After the third Mass, we served Chinese spaghetti, cooked in pork fat, and also tea and sweets. I forget how many bowls of spaghetti the cook said he had to serve. I did not wait for such a feast, as I was dead tired and turned in for a rest. It was then about half past three. Sleep and rest came generously, even though the Christians kept up their loud chanting of prayers in the church and the roar of fire crackers in the compound was continuous.

Shortly after six o'clock, I was up again to prepare for my three Masses, which were to begin at seven. All the Christians returned for the Masses, and those received Holy Communion who did not assist at the Midnight Mass. Before the Masses, I preached another short sermon. Very short it was, for I knew that the majority of them had been at the earlier Masses. In fact, only a few of them had returned to their homes for any sleep or rest. When my thanksgiving was finished, they came to express their greetings and to wish us the happiness of the feast. Our little tots had no Santa Claus, but they did have an abundance of oranges, peanuts, and watermelon seeds. There were no fatalities, but the following day brought those "tummy" aches that have to come after a merry Christmas.

WHEN 1924 BEGAN

The last night of the year was observed with appropriate services. It was strictly an ecclesiastical

celebration, with sermon, "Te Deum," and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Other ceremonies would come later with the Chinese New Year.

Just about this time Yuanchow was overrun with the defeated soldiers of General Tsai Chu Yu. Several little questions arose with them, due to their entrance into the Mission, but fortunately things were settled satisfactorily. The night they were getting ready to flee from the town we received word that looting was soon to begin. Our compound was packed with women and children; the doors and gates were barricaded; Father Quentin and myself kept watch all night, in case anything might happen. The town was pretty well looted, but the Mission was left unharmed.

A few days later a soldier found his way into the church and began amusing himself by playing the organ. I was summoned and soon ordered him to leave the property. He left, but merely went across the street to a barber shop and spent the time cursing me and the Mission. As soon as I learned of the fact I started out after him. The men were afraid he might have a gun and would do me injury, and tried to detain me. At this juncture, Father Quentin joined me and we politely invited the soldier boy to come over to the Mission. We wished to have a word with him. He was too modest to accept our invitation, but with a little unpleasant urging he finally landed in our reception room. Meanwhile I sent for his superior officer. A crowd of soldiers soon gathered at the gate, and despite his appeals for rescue, none dared to approach him; Father Quentin myself, and the dog Nero stood guard.

The superior officer arrived, and we arranged matters to have this soldier taught a lesson and to speak respectfully of the Mission. The other soldiers made every sort of threat against us. They would come back that night, burn the Mission, and kill the both of us. Just to make sure that nothing would happen, Father Quentin, myself and the dog, again kept watch that night. However nothing happened at all. After a conference with the General in charge of the troops, an edict was issued and posted on our gate, placing the Mission under the personal protection of the General and forbidding soldiers to enter the compound. Gradually affairs quieted down and the people resumed their ordinary occupations.

Chinese New Year dawned. It was heralded enough by many gifts from our devoted Christians, together with visits to bid farewell to the passing year. They come in the night before and greet you for the Pass-

WE HAVE YOUR MITE BOX. WHEN AND WHERE SHALL IT BE SENT TO YOU?

FOOD, CLOTHING, SHELTER FOR CHINESE CHILDREN DEPEND ON YOUR OFFERINGS.

ing Year, and enjoy the remark that they will return "next year" to wish you a happy New Year. We celebrated the event with sermon, prayers of thanksgiving and petition, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Father Quentin sang the High Mass, while I fulfilled my old duty as organist.

VISITS TO KIENYANG

Some time after the New Year's celebrations, Father Quentin and myself decided to go to Kienyang and spend a few days with Father Kevin. We had to attend to the shipping of our church bell and some supplies and also to see what we could do for my former Catechist who was quite ill. Local soldiers accompanied us as far as Gan Chi Ping, a little town about four miles away from Kienyang. From this place we were escorted by some bandit soldiers, since our own guard did not dare to enter the territory occupied by their enemy.

Father Kevin, of course, was delighted to see us, and the three of us thoroughly enjoyed those few days, I might say, half in English and half in Chinese, now talking of the folks in America or again about our missions in China. We visited the Catechist and gave him a new lease on life, and attended to the bell and supplies. On our return home I had the card and passport of the bandit chief, and we came through all right. A small army of soldiers were also moving towards Yuanchow, and we did our best to get there before them, as we did not know whether there would be hostilities or not. We succeeded in reaching the city first and then learned that they were only a company or two of soldiers abandoning the Governor of the Province and joining his enemy whose troops then held Yuanchow.

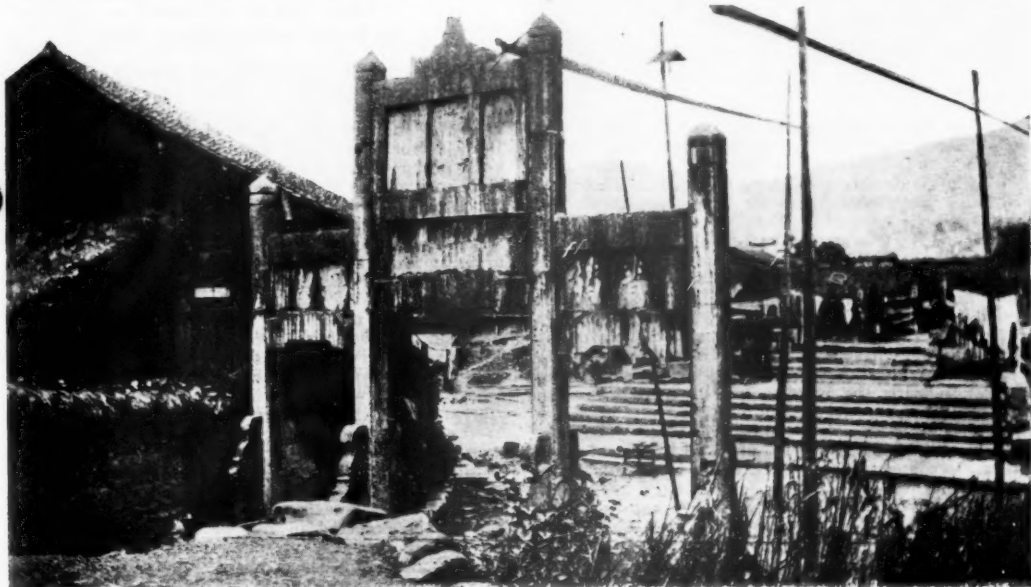
Several weeks later I learned that Father Kevin was not feeling well and made up my mind to go and see him. I procured a guard of soldiers and started off early one Sunday morning in a pouring

rain. This time I had about twenty men, as the roads were reported to be very unsafe. All along the way we met carriers who had been robbed near Kienyang. The roads were just one long quagmire. I had a mule but did not venture to ride him. We slid practically the whole way, and I am sure the roads will never be so muddy again, for "Asbestos" and myself carried a great deal of the mud into Kienyang.

At last we managed to get by the dangerous zone unmolested. The bandits evidently had knocked off work early that day, thinking perhaps no one would travel out in such inclement weather. I never made such a trip before, owing to the terrible state of the roads, the pouring rain, and the uncertainty of the reception we might get ere reaching the end of the journey. Just before coming to Kienyang, one has to ferry across the river. When we came near the other shore, the soldiers of the town came running from all directions to challenge my guard. After explaining their presence, they allowed us to proceed to the Mission.

The Christians were just at their night prayers when we arrived. The first thing Father Kevin knew, his yard was filled with soldiers, snapping their guns to attention as they lined up to salute my riding into the compound. I was overjoyed to find Father Kevin's illness had been exaggerated. There he was in good health with his usual smile. I told him he would have to furnish doctor's certificates, before I would ever make such a trip again. That night and the next day I had to keep the soldiers in the Mission to rest up after their long march. They could not go out around the town, as they did not know the password, and had good reason to fear the loss of their guns or come to grief in some other way with the troops occupying Kienyang.

When I was ready to return to Yuanchow, the Mandarin sent a guard of twenty soldiers to get us, and accompany us part of the way. They were



THE WIDOWS' GATE ENTRANCE TO BRIDGE IN YUANCHOW

MISSIONARIES SACRIFICE THEMSELVES; WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR THE MISSIONS?



CRUSHING RICE INTO POWDER

Changsha troops who could not go as far as Yuanchow, which was supposed to have gone over to the Governor, but in reality continued to oppose him. The local magistrate also had soldiers, but their guns had been taken from them by Kweichow men. The director of the post office, hearing that I was starting for Yuanchow, to which place he had been transferred, wished to go with me. I told him the hour we intended to leave, and again in the morning sent him word that we were starting. He delayed, with the result that he lost all his baggage to the bandits, while we passed by them without any trouble owing to the guard. These soldiers, who usually accompany me in all my trips, have a reputation for fearlessness in dealing with the bandits. They have gone out against forces far greater in numbers and have always driven them off or captured them. They are usually provided with good guns and plenty of ammunition. Moreover, they get a reward for every gun or bandit's head they bring in. If they are killed, they get a public funeral with much pomp and their relatives get a pension of several hundred tiao. They are thus kept efficient.

FATHER QUENTIN'S ESCAPE

Holy Week and Easter came with many consoling

and interesting incidents, but as it is now getting late I must wait till another time to relate them for you. I will just add one more fact to this letter, because it shows the providential care which our Blessed Lord has over us.

On Tuesday of this week it was necessary for one of us to make the trip to Kienyang. As a holiday was coming along, Ascension Thursday, and I was preparing a class for Baptism, it fell to Father Quentin to undertake the journey. Father Kevin had written to us of the increasing dangers from bandits near Kienyang, and thought it would be better not to make the trip. I spoke to the Mandarin, and he said he would give Father Quentin ten of the best soldiers and that they would be ready to leave with him on the following morning.

They set off at half past five. I said Mass for all the departed souls of the two Missions and for Father Quentin's welfare. The next afternoon a traveler brought in word that he had left Kienyang the day before, and that when Father Quentin was about half a mile beyond the place where he and the soldiers had stopped for dinner, more than a hundred armed bandits swept down from the hills and pillaged the town. I was inclined to think it was all nonsense until late in the evening when the corporal in charge of the soldiers returned to the Mission with Father Quentin's card. He told me of Father's safe arrival at Kienyang. He said on their way back they learned of the army of bandits that pillaged the town where they had just taken their dinner. They could not have left the place more than ten minutes previous to the attack.

God is certainly good. If Father Quentin had been ten minutes late, it is hard to say what might have happened, despite the fact that he had an excellent and heavily-armed guard. So you see God is taking care of us over here in every way.

Our Supu Mission

By Father Arthur Benson, C. P.

THE zealous labors of Fathers Flavian and Arthur are truly admirable. They seem to have forgotten their trying experience of last January with the soldiers who ventured to rob the Mission. Both of them certainly have courageous spirits and keep going ahead as though no difficulties were in their way and as if they possessed everything needed for their apostolic work. Incidentally, Father Arthur also gives us the reason why we have not heard from Supu for several months. He himself has been trying to do as much as possible alone while Father Flavian was absent or suffering with teeth trouble. He writes:

After many months of bitter strife, Supu is now enjoying the blessings of peace. The city has regained its old time activity. The streets are usually crowded. Coolies, heavily-laden with merchandise, meet many difficulties in trying to pass the pedestrians who spend a great deal of their time and transact a lot of business in the middle of these long-crooked alleys called streets. The traffic cop is unknown here, but when he does come, it will be his principal duty to make people move along. Along the river bank junks and sampans are increasing in numbers every day. No fighting is expected in this part of our district for the rest of the year, but no one is sure of it; you know Chinese politics is pretty much like a Chinese puzzle, rather hard to solve.

The majority of the soldiers have left the city.

A DIME BANK FILLED CAN BUY ANOTHER CHINESE BABY TO SAVE FOR HEAVEN.

WHEN YOU GIVE TO THE MISSIONARIES, YOU FILL YOUR HEAVENLY TREASURY.

The few companies remaining here have been ordered to go thirty miles south to help in a conflict with bandits. No one is allowed to pass unchallenged through bandit territory and still we were obliged recently to send one of our Christians there with a message for one of the Catechists. We were as much pleased as surprised to learn of his experience. While passing through the bandits' stronghold, he was captured and taken before the chief. When the latter learned that the messenger was carrying a letter from the Sen Fu of Supu, he was treated with great respect and permitted to continue his journey. These bandits evidently were the same as those we became acquainted with last January.

THE RED SKY

Recently our city had quite a scare. The southern sky suddenly became red, and fear was expressed on all sides that the bandits were burning towns and villages and approaching Supu. After some time the excitement quieted down when word was brought that natives were burning the brushwood and thickets on the mountains in order to be able to see tigers approaching the town.

Even in peace times soldiers are a source of much anxiety and trouble. Our Catechist's son was married recently, and the bride who lived ten miles from Supu was carried here in a chair covered with green silk. When the procession arrived, a number of soldiers gathered around to see the wedding. Later, when the happy couple were entering their new home, several of the soldiers attempted to follow them. Though warned that the house was a private one, they insisted on entering and a fight ensued. With the assistance of some Chinese, we brought one of them into the Mission and sent for his commander. The officer came at once and made the soldier apologize for his offense. He then placed him under arrest and promised that due punishment would be inflicted.

On that same evening thieves entered the Mission by means of a large hole which they dug through the wall surrounding the property. They were not detected in the act, because of the terrific sounds of a Chinese band nearby. The band consists of twelve or fifteen men, and as their uniform is a white hood and long gown, we have nicknamed them the "K. K. K." orchestra. One of the thieves was caught and handed over to the authorities.

As the wall around the Mission is made chiefly of red clay, it is not difficult for "thieves to break through and steal." It is imperative for us to build a high wall of brick. Such a wall to protect the entire property would cost us two thousand dollars. But to make any progress and to be safe, we have to stop work on the church and construct the wall. We are hoping the contractor will not refuse to grant us extended terms of credit.

A short time ago we discovered what was at first thought to be a large hole in the side of the church. As we are using part of an old building, a shack adjoining it was removed and revealed to our gaze a large niche for a statue, but the Chinese told us it was a shrine for burning incense to the pagan gods. This incident immediately brought church history back to my mind, and the piety of the early Christians in building temples to God on the very spot where He had been so often offended by the idolatry of His creatures. This niche has now disappeared, so you see we are gradually driving the devil out of Supu!

OUR RADIO

Our Mission is now entertained each evening with

a radio concert. Anyhow we have dubbed it with that title. Next to us in a large temple where night school has been inaugurated in order to assist boys who can not attend classes during the day. They start singing their lessons at seven thirty and keep it up steadily until ten o'clock. While all this racket is being "broadcasted," one would be inclined to judge he was "listening in" to a united spelling bee, were it not for the fact that Chinese scholars have absolutely no need of the art of spelling.

I shall never forget my first experience in sending a telegram from Supu. I asked the Catechist to write out the telegram in Chinese, and to my surprise he said it would be better in English. Afterwards, the telegraph operator came in and asked me "to print it," as he could not read the script. When asked whether he could speak English, he replied that he did not understand many words but knew the alphabet and the code for each letter. Then it occurred to me what a novelty it would be to have a telegraphic code for the thousands of characters used by the Chinese.

The Governor of Hunan directed the new magistrate at Supu to visit our Mission and discuss the attack made on Father Flavian and myself by the soldiers last January. It seems the Governor is anxious to have the case settled with the American Consul as soon as possible. The magistrate was accom-



FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL

A GOOD RESOLUTION: I'LL HELP THE CHINESE MISSIONS TODAY. THEY NEED IT.

YOUR PRAYERS AND GIFTS MEAN GREATER SUCCESS FOR THE MISSIONARIES.

panied with an interpreter named Dr. Chi, who spoke English fluently, and a body guard of twenty soldiers.

Since their visit, both the magistrate and Dr. Chi have become close friends of the Mission. When the former entertains distinguished guests, he sends his card to the Mission with a note requesting the loan of our dishes. Presumably these American culinary utensils add much lustre to a Chinese banquet.

Dr. Chi is not a Christian. He had attended a Bible Class when pursuing his studies at Shanghai, and continues the practice of reading a chapter or two of the Bible every day. He remarked that before meeting us he could never understand the difference between the Catholic and Protestant Missions. We presented him with several books on Catholic doctrine, some in English and some in Chinese, and he is now thinking seriously of becoming a Catholic. One of the Generals fell ill, and Dr. Chi attended him. The General enjoys the reputation of being a very good man. During his illness he read all the Chinese Catholic books that were given to Dr. Chi, and has confided to the doctor that as soon as he gets well, he will take up a course of instructions in our faith.

HOLY WEEK AND EASTER

The season of Lent and especially Holy Week and Easter were strenuous days at the Supu Mission. Father Flavian worked assiduously with a large class of Catechumens giving them regular instructions together two and three times a day, and frequently instructing them individually. When Holy Saturday came, he was obliged to give up his work owing to a severe toothache. Every remedy failed, so I had to extract the tooth. Fortunately I have a complete dental set donated by a dentist in Pittsburgh. Daily we are called upon for some work of this kind, and we use large supplies of medicines for common ailments, such as various skin affections, sore eyes, colds, cramps, and wounds.

The evening before Easter, a number of the Christians from the distant stations ventured into the city to receive the Sacrament of Penance. It was uncomfortably hot in the church, but as it was a beautiful moonlight night most of them strolled about the grounds while awaiting their turn in the confessional.

On Easter our celebration was carried out with as much solemnity as circumstances allowed. There were many soldiers in the city, and great care and vigilance had to be exercised to avoid any trouble. In the front of the church we hung the Chinese and American flags, while the interior was profusely decorated with large paper lanterns of many colors and long streamers between them. With all this Chinese grandeur, the Easter Mass was indeed a beautiful ceremony. Father Flavian was celebrant. I acted as a master of ceremonies to a little crowd of Chinese altar boys, vested in bright red cassacks and as pious-looking as angels from heaven. One hundred and fifty received Holy Communion, among whom were four soldiers in uniform. Eighteen of the com-

municants had been baptized the day before, on Holy Saturday; of these, thirteen were men, two women, two boys, and one girl.

THE CRUCIFIX AT CHIOA KIANG

Soon after Easter, Father Flavian went away to have his teeth attended to and no doubt to have my dental treatment of him thoroughly investigated. The work of the various missions then devolved on me. I can now easily understand why our first missionaries over here found little time for correspondence. To get around to the different stations and keep things going smoothly demands a lot of attention and patience. Almost every day and every night for the past two months some rain has fallen. The rivers are high and the current so swift, it is safer to travel through the mountains. Going from mission to mission, large fields of the poppy plant are seen, which shows that opium is more extensively used throughout China than is generally known.

On a trip to Chioa Kiang, the Christians came from far and near to see the new Sen Fu, and expressed the wish that when more priests are available, one will be assigned to their mission. They regretted very much that they could not have "Mass and Communion" more frequently. The church there is still unfinished, but the contractor expects to complete the work in three months. Over the entrance to the church here, Father Flavian has placed a life-sized Crucifix, which is the constant wonder and frequent topic of the little town. The houses are all typically Chinese, and hence so low, that the Crucifix can be seen from a considerable distance.

The Christians understand the Crucifix. But the pagans often gather together in front of the little church and gaze at the Crucifix and stand around discussing it. One of them remarked that the sufferings of the "Man" must have been terrible, especially those caused by the wounds in His hands and feet. They invariably say that only very cruel men could ever have inflicted such a torture.

May the Crucified Savior, lifted up here in the heart of China, draw to Himself these poor pagans whose first impression and first knowledge of Christianity is "Christ and Him Crucified!"

Gemma's League

During July the following prayers and good works for the Missions in China were offered by their generous benefactors:

SPIRITUAL TREASURY

Masses said	28	Offerings of the	
Masses heard	2446	Precious Blood	5387
Holy Communions	1631	Rosaries	2898
Visits to Blessed		Seven Dolor Beads	396
Sacrament	27996	Ejaculatory Prayers	961669
Spiritual Communion	7844	Hours of Study	1424
Benediction Services	730	Hours of Labor	5815
Sacrifices	19770	Acts of Kindness	2384
Sufferings	3085	Acts of Zeal	304228
Stationings of the Cross	702	Deeds of Charity	2677
Visits to the Crucifix	15030	Prayers	74794
		Various Good Works	1219

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers of good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

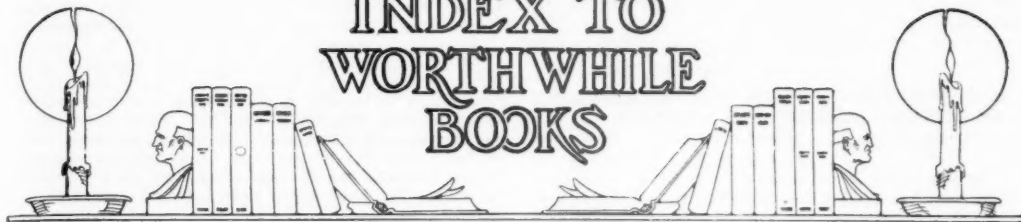
SISTER ST. RITA CAIN,
HELEN NEILL,
ANNA CURRIE,
A. J. BARTHELL,

ELIZABETH McADAM,
CATHERINE COYEN,
BEATRICE FLEISCHBEIM,
J. J. SULLIVAN, M. D.,
WALTER RYAN,
MR. GEORGE K. VIRGIN,
BERTHA LERR,
MRS. GEO. KREINER,
MRS. JOHN REGAN,
CLEMENT McGOUGH,
MR. & MRS. T. F. LYNCH.

MR. RYAN,
PATRICK KIERAN,
DAVID CURTIN,
BARBARA WACKER,
LOUISA LERR,
MRS. J. H. LYNCH,
MARY ANN MURPHY,
GEORGE FLEMING,
CAESAR LERR,
FREDERICK LERR,
ELLEN E. VIRGIN,
MISS M. HARDRAN,

JULIA DEE HOWARD,
MICHAEL HOWARD,
MRS. JENNIE CONLON,
MISS MADELINE KEARNS,
EUGENE A. MAHONEY,
CATHERINE MONAGHAN,
MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

TRUE DEVOTION TO THE PASSION. From the Writings of Blessed Battista Varani (A. D. 1458—1527). Edited by Enid Dinnis. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price: \$1.00.

This little volume of 111 pages is a valuable addition to the literature of the Passion, containing "a new translation of a series of meditations on the mental sufferings of our Lord together with reflections in the form of tender, sincere prayers on the bodily pains endured by Christ in His Passion." The author was a Franciscan Abbess of great sanctity, who lived in Italy during the 15th century.

In the Introduction, the life story of Blessed Battista, known in the world as Camilla Varani, beautifully told by Miss Enid Dinnis, powerfully attracts us to the "gay, laughter-loving, affectionate, self-willed, generous-hearted girl who possessed a definite antipathy to outward forms of piety as they were presented to her." Roused, however, by a Lenten preacher, Camilla resolves to obey his exhortation to endeavor at least each Friday to shed a tear for our Lord's sufferings; and although for some years she remains as much in love as ever with the world, devotion to the Passion now becomes the passion of Camilla's life.

Finally, she hears another preacher speak of Divine love, of the love engendered in the heart of the Blessed Virgin at the Annunciation. "In a single spark of this love," cries the friar, "there is to be found more sweetness than in all the pleasures of the world." Camilla flees to a shrine of the Mother of God and begs her for a single spark of this great love. Mary grants her request, and the girl surrenders completely to the "Sweet Savior, Who showed Himself, sometimes under the form of a Father, sometimes of a friend, but most frequently under that of a Loving Spouse."

Camilla then enters the Franciscan Order, and is inspired by our Lord to desire the understanding of and a participation in the mental sufferings of His Sacred Passion. What Jesus then showed her of these mysteries is written in her own simple and beautiful style.

All lovers of the Passion and all who wish to increase their love for our Blessed Lord in His sufferings will find this little book a treasure.

THE CATECHIST AND THE CATECHUMEN. A Manual of Religion for Teachers and for Private Instruction. By Rev. Joseph A. Weigand. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$1.50.

Suppose that some one were to write the story of Jack and the Beanstalk in some such fashion as the following: Who was Jack? Jack was the son of a poor widow. Why do we say Jack and the Beanstalk? Because Jack planted a bean which grew overnight into a great beanstalk. How high did it grow? It grew so high that it was out of sight at its top. Did Jack climb the beanstalk? Yes, Jack

climbed the beanstalk, etc. Do you imagine that children would love to read Jack and the Beanstalk? We do not. Neither does Father Weigand. Which accounts for this splendid volume of about 200 pages, that, to our mind, ought to serve as a model for all future work of the kind.

The story of our holy Faith, the history of God and man, is the most fascinating of all stories. Why is it, then, that our children look upon the reading of that story as a mental torture. Because, instead of telling that story just as we tell the stories of Jack and the Beanstalk and Little Red Riding Hood and The Rover Boys, "some learned theologian or committee of theologians studies the subject in all its varied details, sits down to analyze it, picks it apart," reduces it all into a series of questions and answers, and thus dishes up to us the "Story of our Faith," popularly known as the Catechism.

"So," says Fr. Weigand, "let us reverse our method of teaching the catechism definitions." And then he himself proceeds to do this very thing, to tell the story of our religion as a story, the most interesting and absorbing that could be imagined, while the child is allowed to ask the questions that will inevitably come to his mind and the teacher may guide the pupil to ask these questions by the series of interrogations that are placed after each little chapter.

As Fr. Weigand writes, "This process is fascinating, affords real pleasure to the mind, and makes the answer and the definitions interesting at first sight; while it does away with the slavish task of memorizing a combination of phrases which have little or no meaning to the young mind. The first impression will have been a pleasing one; it will be recalled by the mind every time the definition is called for. In addition to this, the method has the advantage of keeping before the mind of the pupil the beautiful interrelation of the dogmas of the Faith," which the question and answer method seems to break up into a discontinued series of beliefs.

In the Appendix, Fr. Weigand has written a number of apposite and interesting little stories as illustrative of the mysteries proposed in the text. And there is also a good Index.

In the Preface, Rt. Rev. James J. Hartley, D. D., Bishop of Columbus, writes, "This new manual of teaching catechism is most simple, attractive, and interesting. Teachers will find it a great help in giving instruction to the children; even our young people who have long since left school—and parents, who are always interested in the training and education of their children—will find this book most interesting and instructive. It is worthy of finding a place in every Catholic home—as well as in the school-room."

We heartily agree with Bishop Hartley.

A SIMPLE COURSE OF RELIGION. For little ones preparing for their Holy Communion. By Rev. J. A. Weigand. Benziger Brothers. \$4.00 per

THE † SIGN

100. This little manual of 14 pages follows the lines laid down in Fr. Weigand's book described above, and is to be recommended for the same reasons. The price, however, for such a small pamphlet is excessive.

A SUMMARY OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE FOR CONGREGATIONS OF SISTERS. By D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. Pustet & Co., New York. Price: \$0.35.

This summary is designed to present to Religious in one small pamphlet the "conclusions of saints and other ascetic writers concerning religious life and practice, and the means thereto, to help them on the path to religious perfection." It is a simple and plain digest of the obligations and privileges of the religious life.

CURES: The Story of Cures that Fail. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price: \$2.00.

In this book Dr. Walsh writes entertainingly and, at times, humorously, of the various panaceas which healers in all ages have used to effect cures for ills of the human body. He describes them from the time of Galen, who wrought "cures" by means of the blood-sucking leech, to the modern savior of suffering humanity, Coue—with his omnipotent formula, "every day in every way."

The book is characterized by the author's acute penetration into the efficiency or fakery of numberless antidotes to disease. He explodes many of the myths surrounding various herbs and drugs, and discovers to many habits that the "wonderful" effect which is experienced is accounted for by a large dose of subjectivism and only a modicum of real organic improvement. For Dr. Walsh is a disciple of Coue to this extent—that he admits that the mind has a profound influence on the body in the healing of disease. But that is as far as he goes. He does not believe, with Coue, that the mind is everything in effecting a cure, nor that the simple wish to get well—repeated to oneself a number of times daily—will bring about this result.

In this book the users of nostrums will find many of their favorite remedies subjected to a discomfiting analysis. Those who trust a great deal in various kinds of oils, salves, salts, etc., will be given pause. We can confidently say that all—both sick and whole—will be repaid by reading this excellent volume.

MEMORIES OF THE FUTURE. By Ronald A. Knox. George H. Doran Company, New York. Price: \$2.00.

Some pleasant half-hours await the reader crystal-gazing with Father Ronald Knox in "Memories of the Future." He conjures up Lady Porstock, a successful feminist toward the end of the twentieth century. Her reminiscences cover phases of social, religious and political life as affected by the evolution of intellectual and physical science from the period where our actual observation leaves off. It is a plausible record withal and permeated with delightful satire.

Especially plausible is the author's underlying theme that, while science will progressively divulge the forces of nature and apply them to human comfort and convenience, it will contribute little to human contentment and moral stability. Lady Porstock can boast, "I had, of course, my private helico, and had recently learned to drive it myself; and already one thought nothing of driving over to Cambridge for an afternoon call, or up to London for a dinner." By which we are reminded that science has marvellously improved the methods of going here and there but not

of finding solid happiness when we arrive. Here we are confronted by the ultimate phases of movements that are familiar to us now in their apparently intransigent stages.

After a long worldly career Lady Porstock gives serious thought to religion. Her submission to the true Faith is frankly a recoil from an exposition of the Christian religion by Bishop Dives, from whom she had sought direction. The bishop belongs to one of the fragments of the now dis-Established Church in an England which has ceased to be a Christian country. We have space only for a specimen of this exposition:

"Everything is relative to a thinker. That is clear from the mere force of words; for what is a thing but a thought? When I think a thing I at the same time think it: I give it thingness by thinking it. Now, that all thought is relative to a thinker has long been clear so far as the process of thought, what we call nowadays the thinkage, is concerned. It is the boast of modern philosophy, trained, and proud to have been trained, in the school of relativist Science, that it has gone further than this. I assure us (I trust I make my meaning clear) that it is not only our thankage but our thoughtage that is relative to a thinker."

A CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By Rev. M. V. Kelley, C. S. B. William H. Sadlier, New York.

This is a revised edition of the Baltimore Catechism. Candidly, we think that the revision has not improved the original, much as the original needs improvement. Some sample questions and answers, picked at random, may illustrate inexact language muddling doctrine:

What will take original sin off our souls?

Baptism.

Was there anyone who was always free from original sin?

Yes; the Blessed Virgin.

What is this called?

The Immaculate Conception.

"THE ROSE AND THE WEED." By Nicholas Ward, C. P., published in a former number of THE SIGN, has been set to music by Clement Flynn, O. M. I. The result is a lyric of artistic grade that can be sung in a smooth and flowing manner. The plaintive theme of the poem is well preserved and is kept from palling by judicious modulation. It will form a useful addition to a repertoire of ballads that are sure to please. Published for high and low voice by G. Ricordi & Co., 14 East 43rd St., New York City.

CATECHISM OF THE VOWS for the Use of Religious. By Father Peter Cotel, S. J. Translated by Father William H. McCabe, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$0.50.

We are pleased to see this new edition of a very valuable book. It has been carefully revised and brought into harmony with the Code of Canon Law. The Translator has admirably succeeded in preserving the clarity and simplicity of the original.

Since its first appearance in 1861, Cotel's Catechism has gone through many editions and has been translated into practically all Western languages. It has been a standard work in the novitiates of many Religious Communities.

We know of no other book that so clearly and succinctly sets forth the nature and obligations of the Religious State. It should be adopted as a text-book in the novitiates of our lay Religious Communities. The publishers are to be commended on the make-up and price of the book.—W. W. R.

Sorrow and Joy

AEROPLANES now move around the world. If you will, your imagination can take you just as far. Let your thoughts carry you some evening to the missions in China. It will probably be early morning when you arrive there. After morning prayers and Holy Mass, the missionary will be glad to sit down and talk with you, before beginning the work of the day.

* * * * *

A FAMILIAR chat with anyone of the missionaries will soon reveal the sorrow and joy experienced in China. It is one thing to listen to a missionary or read his letters; it is quite another story to face the struggle day after day. But just like human nature, his troubles and sufferings are quickly forgotten when they are chased away with a few moments of consolation and joy. His sorrows seldom concern himself; his joys are distributed generously among his flock.

* * * * *

TO pay the rent, to buy food, to keep up instructions and religious services, to secure medicines and clothing for the children, the poor, the sick, oftentimes makes a missionary anxious about his ability to pay his bills. He is a daily witness of want and suffering. He does what he can to relieve it. His dream of a little chapel and school comes and goes. He must wait. The poor come first.

* * * * *

THOUGH soldiers and bandits have thus far generally respected the Missions, they have robbed Christians and left them to the charity of

the Sen Fu. Sometimes the robbers succeeded in getting away with letters or goods on their way to the missionaries. Again when war is in progress, the mail and other things are delayed until the danger is passed. But such is the earnest appeal of the priests for their people as much as for their missions, no one can refuse to send them something, even at the risk of it being lost.

* * * * *

BESIDES the consolation of gaining more souls to love and serve God, to follow "the way, the truth, the life," of Jesus Crucified, one of the greatest joys of a missionary in China is a letter from home. It brings him near to those who are interested in his mission. Such letters not only inspire greater courage, but often contain the means to continue his wonderful work. Perhaps it is a donation for a Chinese Baby. It tells him of something on the way for his chapel or school or house, or it may be enough for a chapel and he can start building at once.

* * * * *

MONEY parted with for the sake of the Chinese Missions soon brings a blessed return. Relief from anxiety, more power to help the poor and the sick, the necessary buildings for his mission no longer a dream but a fact, such thoughts rise quickly to a missionary's mind. They gradually merge into the one dominant idea of gratitude. He thanks God. He prays for the benefactors who have given him such help. He has gained another step forward in bringing the Catholic Faith nearer to the Chinese people.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors of our Missionaries and their Missions. Please help to make the list grow bigger. Holy Scripture says: "If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little." (Tobias 4/9.)

CIRCLES: Camp Lacora, \$5.00.
CONN.: Bridgeport, M. E. S., \$1.00. **ILL.:** Chicago, S. C., \$5.00
MASS.: Allston, W. T., \$3.00; M. L. M., \$1.00; Everett, M. G. W., \$5.00; Fall River, H. G., \$1.00; Fitchburg, M. T. K., \$10.00; Roxbury, K. M. D., \$10.00; Somerville, M. A. M., \$2.00; W. Springfield, D. J. Harrington, \$5.00.
MICH.: Bay City, S. M. J., \$8.00.
N. J.: Bayonne, A. A., \$4.90; Belmar, J. E. M., \$8.00; Elizabeth, R. M., \$5.00; A. P., \$5.00; Hoboken, M. M., \$5.20; Jersey City, M. K., \$2.00; M. J. S., \$2.00; C. M., \$1.00; B. O. M., \$1.00; M. M. G., \$1.00; Morsemer, R. M. G., \$2.00; Madison, A. G., \$5.00; Newark, A. J. F., \$1.00; R. G., \$5.00; J. K. C.,

\$5.10; Weehawken, C. D. M., \$2.00; West Hoboken, S. M. E., \$5.00; M. C., \$4.80; M. L., \$5.00; W. H., \$5.00; Anon., \$5.00; Anon. \$10.00; J. A., \$1.00; West New York, J. M., \$5.00.
N. Y.: Brooklyn, K. W., \$5.00; F. M., \$4.10; T. L., \$1.00; T. M., \$10.00; J. I. D., \$2.00; A. M. K., \$8.00; Buffalo, A. M. D., \$2.00; Long Island City, J. D. S., \$10.00; Mount Vernon, C. W. G., \$1.00; Mt. Vision, A. M. S., \$5.00; New York City, M. O. B., \$3.00; C. M., \$5.00; M. R., \$12.81; Anon., \$1.00; M. C., \$2.00; J. E., \$5.00; G. S. E., \$10.00; M. E. F., \$26.81; C. R., \$2.00; R. H., \$5.00; S. D. L., \$10.00; C. S., \$3.00; E. O. B., \$10.00; Poughkeepsie, M. S., \$5.00; Yonkers, M. D., \$5.00; Richmond Hill, H. F. B., \$5.00.

OHIO: Cincinnati, C. P., \$5.00; M. C. R., \$2.00; A. J. B., \$1.00; G. A. F., \$1.00; M. E. T., \$1.00; M. K., \$1.00; C. J. F., \$1.00; M. T., \$5.30; A. C., \$4.90; M. H., \$5.30; M. T., \$10.00; S. C., \$5.00.
PA.: Greensburg, S. I., \$3.00; Loretto, J. M. M., \$5.00; Philadelphia, S. M. J., \$10.00; M. R., \$1.00; E. F. C., \$50.00; M. M. G., \$1.00; Pittsburgh, B. H., \$5.00; S. M. C., \$10.00; D. J. D., \$5.00; M. M., \$4.30; S. A. T., \$1.00; B. S., \$1.00; S. T., \$1.00; C. C., \$1.00; J. A. B., \$10.00; M. O., \$1.00; J. P. L., \$1.00; Scranton, F. E., \$6.00; Friends, \$5.00.
R. I.: Providence, A. M. D., \$1.00.
S. D.: Sioux Falls, J. W. K., \$1.00.
CANADA: New Brunswick, St. John, H. G. F., \$5.00.

"I Have Built a House for Thy Dwelling." (3 Kings 8/13.)

OUR Missionaries in China have been asking for Chapels. With the coming of the thirteen new missionaries even more Chapels will be needed. To start a new Chapel \$500. is necessary. To finish and furnish it requires \$500. more.

UNDOUBTEDLY, some of our Readers can afford to build a Chapel. *It can be paid for in installments on terms to suit your own convenience.* Those who give \$500. are considered the builders of the Chapel and have the right to name it.

WHAT a privilege it is to be able to erect a house of God where the Holy Mass will be offered and the Sacraments administered and the Grace of our Lord imparted! What more fitting memorial in honor of your deceased parents, relatives or friends!

THOSE who cannot give the price of a Chapel are requested to contribute what they can afford to our Chapel-Fund.

Our Chapels

Holy Trinity	\$42.00
Sacred Heart	\$70.00
Our Mother of Sorrows	\$55.00
St. Michael	\$25.00
St. Joseph	\$48.00
St. Patrick	\$30.00
St. Paul of the Cross	\$45.00
St. Gabriel	\$45.00
Little Flower	\$20.00
A home for Christ's Little Ones will cost \$5,000.00. Give what you can in honor of His Blessed Mother.	
Our Lady's Orphanage	\$75.00

HERE are the names of some Chapels which we expect to build shortly. In sending your donation just say that it is for this or that Chapel or for the Orphanage.

IN making such a donation you are honoring God, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the Saint for whom the Chapel will be named.

FOR the sum of \$100. you can add to the list of titles. Here is a splendid way of proving your love and gratitude to your Heavenly Patron.

YOU are kindly asked to send us something for this fund as soon as possible so that we shall be able to carry out our building program.

Please address your donations to:
PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of THE SIGN
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

PLEASE GIVE NOW! THE MISSIONARIES' NEEDS ARE PRESSING.

A GOOD thing to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them

A MITE BOX WILL HOLD ANY KIND OF MONEY. WHEN IT IS FILLED, BREAK IT OPEN AND SEND US THE CONTENTS IN CHECK OR MONEY-ORDER OR CASH.

you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want,—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

A DIME BANK HOLDS DIMES. ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM. WHEN THE BANK IS FILLED, WRAP IT SECURELY AND SEND IT TO US BY REGISTERED MAIL.

THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

Reverend Fathers:

Dime Bank
Mite Box

Please send me a Dime Bank and Mite Box.

Name:

Address:

Please write or print Name and Address very plain

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF

Highland Trust Company
of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 31, 1923

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds.....	\$1,733,301.86
Mortgages	1,183,263.25
Loans, (Demand and Time).....	294,900.00
Bills Purchased.....	957,676.47
Banking House.....	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1.00
Cash on Hand.....	161,971.78
Due from Banks.....	137,360.82
Accrued Interest.....	30,333.01
	\$4,584,049.41

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits	153,776.76
Deposits	4,130,272.65
	\$4,584,049.41

Trust Funds are kept separate from the
assets of the Company

**A
Banking
House
of Merit**

**OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPFULNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED**

2 Per Cent Interest
Allowed on Check Accounts
4 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will
receive prompt and accurate
attention

OFFICE HOURS
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:30 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

OUR representative has called at
the Brunswick Laundry, 220
Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City,
N. J., and made a thorough inspection
of the Largest Laundry in America. He
was astonished to find cleanliness and
sanitation brought to perfection, he has
found over 600 Employees, cheerful,
healthy and satisfied with their jobs,
their pay and their employers. Patrons
are always invited to visit this large
plant and see for themselves the process
of washing and ironing. The Brun-
swick Laundry's policy has always been
fair play to all employees and custom-
ers. We gladly recommend this firm
to our readers.

THE NEW MID-TOWN RESTAURANT

The Pershing Square Savarin

PERSHING SQUARE BUILDING
42nd STREET AND PARK AVENUE

Entrances:

Restaurant, No. 1 Pershing Square.
Lunch Counter, No. 100 E. 42nd Street.
New York

JOSEPH P. MORRISSEY, Mgr.

For committee meetings over the luncheon
table, staff dinners, or organization gather-
ings for dinner and supper, and for after-
theatre parties, The Pershing Square
Savarin has excellent facilities accom-
modating up to 600 persons. - - -

The Down-Town Cafe Savarin is in the Equitable
Building, 120 Broadway, New York

PHONE VANDERBILT 0560

FOUR SQUARE

GOD'S SQUARE

GOD IS THE MASTER OF THE WORLD AND THE OWNER OF ALL THINGS IN IT. WHATEVER WE HAVE BELONGS TO HIM. WE ARE ABSOLUTELY DEPENDENT UPON HIM FOR OUR LIFE, OUR HEALTH AND OUR POSSESSIONS. WE ARE PUTTING HIM UNDER NO COMPLIMENT AT ALL BY DOING ALL THAT WE CAN FOR THE EXTENSION OF HIS KINGDOM. DO WE RECOGNIZE HIS CLAIMS?

CHRIST'S CROSS IN CHINA

FROM time to time we are asked: "Is it worth while to work so hard for the conversion of the Chinese?" *** It is. *** There's no such thing as nationality with God, neither does He draw the color line. *** Christ died for the Chinese as well as for us. *** They have as much right to His Redemption as we have. *** If we love Him we will work for the salva-

tion of souls. *** Nor will we count the cost. *** Nor will we be disappointed if the results of our efforts are meagre. *** Duty and today are ours. Results and the future are with God." *** We have a duty to extend the kingdom of Christ. *** We have today to do that duty in. *** That duty is a personal duty. *** In doing it we become co-workers with Christ. *** Can there be a higher honor? *** To fail in this duty is to commit a sin of omission. *** It is to waste an opportunity for which we are responsible. *** It is worse than that. *** It is to forfeit the privilege of working not only for Christ but with Christ. *** He puts Himself under an obligation to us. *** In a certain sense His success depends upon our co-operation. *** Not only does He condescend to accept our service. *** He actually needs it. *** There's a certain something that I can do for Him that none other can do. *** Will I do it? *** If I don't do it, it won't be done. *** Now, who am I? *** I am the reader of this notice. *** I know something of what the Passionist Missionaries are doing in China. *** I approve of their work and I hope that it will be abundantly blessed. *** I appreciate the sacrifices they are so generously making for the salvation of souls. *** But my mere approval and appreciation will mean little, if anything. *** I can make it mean a great deal if I express it in the

spiritual and material support I can give them. *** I can pray for them. *** I will contribute some money to the up-building of their missions. *** The Missionaries will be grateful. *** They'll pay me back in the coin that counts—their prayers, sacrifices, Masses. *** To plant Christ's Cross in China is their ambition. *** Could there be a more worthy one? *** It must and does appeal to me. *** I have done somethings against Christ. *** Here is an opportunity of doing something for Him. *** The something I do may not be much. *** But it will be something. *** And, besides, it will prove that I am with Christ and for Him. *** Before I forget it, I'll copy out the address. Here it is:

Passionist Missionaries
Care of The Sign
West Hoboken, N. J.

CHINA'S SQUARE

MILLIONS OF POOR, IGNORANT AND WRETCHED PEOPLE IN CHINA KNOW NOTHING OF THE ONE TRUE GOD. THEY HAVE NEVER HEARD EVEN THE NAME OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. HOW DIFFERENT THEIR LIVES WOULD BE IF THEY KNEW AND LOVED HIM! THEY ARE SIMPLY STARVING FOR THE BREAD OF LIFE. THEY HAVE A STRICT RIGHT TO SHARE IN CHRIST'S REDEMPTION.

OUR SQUARE

TWENTY-SIX YOUTHFUL PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES ARE LABORING FOR THE SALVATION OF THE CHINESE. THEY NEED SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL HELP TO BRING TO OTHERS THE RICH GRACES OF THE SACRAMENTAL CHRIST. IT IS A PRIVILEGE FOR US TO BE ALLOWED TO ASSIST THESE HEROIC MISSIONARIES AND SO SHARE IN THE LASTING RESULTS OF THEIR HOLY AND GLORIOUS APOSTLESHIP.

YOUR SQUARE

YOU ARE RICH IN HAVING THE GREATEST OF ALL OF GOD'S GIFTS—THE GIFT OF FAITH. IF THIS FAITH MEANS TO YOU WHAT IT SHOULD MEAN, YOU WILL BE ANXIOUS TO BRING ITS BLESSINGS TO OTHERS. YOU ARE UNWORTHY OF THE FAITH UNLESS YOU ARE WILLING TO SPREAD IT. ONE WAY OF SPREADING IT IS BY ASSISTING THOSE WHO ARE PREACHING THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

